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See Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

IF I WERE FAIR.

If I were fair!
If I had little hands and slender feet;
If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word and faded at a frown;
If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown;
If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles,
And graceful limbs, and pretty girlish wiles—
If I were fair, Love would not turn aside,
Life's path, so narrow, would be broad and wide.

If I were fair!

If I were fair!
Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold.
Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone,
It seems to me, for aught might well atone.
But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love obeys
The mystic witchery of her shy ways.
If I were fair my years would seem so few;
Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view.

If I were fair!

If I were fair!
Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy,
And hides its dimples in my shining hair,
Bewilder'd by the maze of glory there!
But now—O! shadow of a young girl's face!
Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold finger trace,
You will not blame the child whose wee hands close,
Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose
So rich and fair.

If I were fair!
O! just a little fair, with some soft touch
About face to glorify it much!
If no one shunn'd my presence or my kiss,
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss.
'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal,
And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul.
When day's flush merges into sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars
I shall be fair!
—Edith Rutter in the London Spectator.

A BACHELOR'S BALLADE.

They haunt me at "drums" and at dances,
They hunt me wherever I hie;
Miss Clara, and frolicsome Frances,
Wid Mary, and Volatile Vi;
The brown, grey, and hazel-hued eye
The cut roll all lovingly scan,
What care I? for "cast is the die,"
I am not a "marrying man."

The thrill of those eloquent glances,
The well arm of that murmured reply,
The skill of those subtle advances,
I do not attempt to deny;
Yet harmless their arrows fly by,
And vainly they plot and they plan;
I'm young, and I'm wealthy, but I—
I am not a "marrying man."

If callousness value enhances,
Most tempting of baits I supply,
Oh, mine is the feeblest of chances,
Yet still on my vow I'll rely;
Let match-making mothers come try
Their arts and ensnare me who can!
The body of them I defy,
I am not a "marrying man."

ENVOY.

Dan Cupid, your fetters I fly,
Yet cannot escape from your ban;
Cruel Laura Trefusis knows why
I am not a "marrying man."
—Temple Bar.

THE LAWN-MOWER FIEND

'Tis now the jolly time of year,
The agricultural blower
With eye that's strained and back that's bent
Doth work the new lawn-mower.

And as he strikes a hidden snag,
He takes a double-ender
And then his wife cries out, "There, John,
There goes your new suspender."
—Tom Mason, in Cloak Review.

Miscellany.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

A Bright Woman Knows How to Accomplish Her Object.

Some women are brighter than others. Here's an act of one of the some, as reported by the New York World.

It was in a big Fourteenth street dry goods store—one of those places where women push and struggle and fight to get near the counters to save the extra cent, while the wear and tear on their clothes and temper costs many a dollar.

The store had advertised a sale of black kid gloves of standard make at a big reduction. The space in front of the glove counter was packed with women, struggling to see those gloves. By dint of patient waiting, one woman with bright brown eyes and perfect-cut features got to the counter. She told the sales woman her size, paid for the gloves, waited a quarter of an hour for the change, and then retired to the edge of the crowd to try on her new purchase.

She was just getting the last few pulls on the first glove, when "crack," and the whole palm split open. Forcing her way to the counter again, the woman showed the split glove to the salesgirl.

"Can't do anything for you," was her trite answer. "We never exchange gloves."

The woman with the brown eyes didn't lose her temper. She looked for a floor-walker instead. She spied one in the thickest of the crowd at the glove counter.

"This glove has split," she said, "I want another pair." She said it loud enough for all the would-be buyers to hear.

The crowd stopped buying. Some began to talk. "What a shame," and "It's a swindle," and "I guess I won't take these gloves," were some of the remarks.

The floor-walker was quick to grasp the situation.

"Give this lady another pair of gloves," he said to the saleswoman.

ITALIANS HEAD THE LIST.

Comparative Wealth of Immigrants Landing at Castle Garden.

Colonel Farrell, an official of the immigration bureau in New York, has made a close study of the immigration question in all its phases, not only because it is his business, but for the reason that he is a humanitarian. In speaking of the immigration to a New York Press reporter, he said: "The immigration of this year will be greatly in excess of that of 1891, when 445,299 aliens were landed in this port. From present indications it is safe to surmise that 500,000 passengers will be received this year, notwithstanding that a most careful examination is made of every passenger before landing. A feature of immigration is the extraordinary diversity of the characteristics of those coming to these shores. This year almost every section and ev ry religion of the habitable globe is represented, bringing with them the habits and customs of their native homes.

"I have been looking into the amount of money brought here by all classes of immigrants, and I find that the average per capita of the Italians over 20 years of age is $96.51. Hungarians are the next on the list, the per capita being $95.91. The Pole's per capita is $11.70: Findlander's, $12.23; Irish, $16.52; Australian's, $18.05; Austrian's, $18.06; Norwegian's, $19.28; Swede's, $22.32; Bohemian's, $20.09; Turk's, $26.04; Nederlander's $26.67; Russian's, $28.81; Emirish, $28.60; Scotch, $28.98; Dane's, $29.23; Belgian's, $30.44; Armenian's, $32.01; German's, $35.46; Swiss', $37.78; Welsh, $40.91; Greek's, $44.06; Spaniard's, $76.21, and French, $78.23. The per capita of other countries is $33.45. The general impression is that all immigrants who come to the United States are very poor, yet some of those who seek American shores carry 'wads' which would make the mouths of many Wall street brokers water to look at. I remember one instance where an old man, dressed so poorly that it was being considered whether he ought to be barred or not, on being asked how much money he had, pulled an old leather pocket-book from underneath his tattered shirt and showed a roll of $5,000 in cash. Besides the ready money, he had drafts for twice as much more."

VILLAGE BICYCLING.

The Rosy Cheeked Country Girl Buys a Wheel.

Wherever it may have been that the bicycle was first constructed, its home is eminently in the village.

In no place is the bicycle appreciated to the degree it is in such a place. The village maid looked upon it with tender eyes when it was first brought to her sight, adopted it, and its future was assured.

That rosy cheeks and bright appearance are frequently the result of a morning's spin in the fresh air and over hard roads is an undisputed fact, and the real usefulness of the bicycle is demonstrated in the fact that where a horse was formerly driven by a village girl, she is now seen mounted upon a wheel and spinning along the road upon an errand of mercy or business, as the case may be.

The New York girl on a bicycle is invariably attended by a bicyclist of the sterner sex, the usual formality being observed that is customary upon occasions when driving is indulged in, only that the young woman manages her own machine.

One of the prettiest sights which meet the eye of the visitor in a village is a party of rosy-cheeked bicyclists out for an afternoon spin. They are not usually under male escort, and their merry laughter announces their coming some time before they appear. As the party approaches, one is struck with the different types of village girl, and the way in which they care for their wheels is really amusing. Here is little Miss Prim, in her skirt and blouse of mouse color, with a leather belt loosely clasped round her waist and spectacles shading her eyes. She steadies her cycle up against the side of the station, at which the party have stopped to quench their thirst, shakes it (the cycle) to see if it is in any danger of falling, and after having satisfied herself as to its safety in an upright position, pulls down her blouse and joins the others.

Limping toward the station is Miss Flyaway, who has jumped from her cycle while it was still in rapid motion, and long before the party came round the bend in the road, was heard to say: "Oh, girls, let's stop at the station for a drink."

She tumbles her wheel over on the grass, and as she limps over to the zinc pail usually to be found at village stations, presents a pretty picture in her blue serge skirt, thin white blouse and jaunty white sailor hat. Imagine the

HER BIKE.

disappointment of the girls to find the pail empty. Miss Flyaway, however, suggests that as the next station is but two miles away, a pleasant ride and a refreshing drink of ice water would be the result of turning their faces and their wheels in that direction. The eldest of the party, who, by the way, is the best rider, assists the others to mount and then, gracefully taking possession of her own cycle, spins away and soon gains the lead. As their forms disappear in the direction of the next station one finds himself thinking that the village girl on a cycle is a very happy creature. She is not dressed to death and compares very favorably with the New York girl in her cycling suit of white serge.

The village schoolma'am and the village seamstress both use the bicycle to convey them to their respective places of employment, and a row of bicycles outside of a church is no unusual sight in a village where one has to be driven in a carriage to the meeting house. To the schoolma'am and seamstress the proposed new attachment by which a bicycle can be sent along at the rate of one mile a minute, may posses some advantages. But just think of the quiet tongues of the riders while going at such a speed!

And then again, village girls do not return from meetings alone, because at that time it is dark and roads are lonely, even though one be well acquainted with such roads.

In the village, old and young have adopted the cycle. Doctors provide themselves with wheels, in order that they need not stop to harness a horse when called in a case of urgent necessity. Even at village hotels one can enjoy cycling in the fresh air as they never did in the city, though parks be many and asphalt pavement plentiful. But the prettiest picture to be seen during the summer months is the village girl spinning along of an afternoon, with a basket of fresh flowers upon her arm, and clad in a light summer gown. There is a certain freshness about the village girl which is charming. It is seldom met with in any of her city associates, and although some doctors protest against the use of the bicycle by women the village girl who uses it is a picture of health and loveliness, refreshing to the beholder.

"What Am She?"

The latest story regarding the New York Central's Empire State Express was told at the Albany Press club a few nights ago. Three colored men employed in one of the large brick yards on the Hudson river, had never seen the famous train pass, as before they could get in position to see it go by it would be gone, and all that was visible was a glimpse of the rear signal flags. One day recently they arranged to stand one at the north end of the yard, another at the south end, and one in the middle, and as the train approached each would notify the other, so as to secure a good look at her at the appointed time. The train appeared in sight a few seconds later. The man at the south end called out, "Here she comes;" man at the north end, "There she goes," and the one in the middle cried, "Whar am she!"—Albany Evening Journal.

Loads of Liberty.

Old Bachelor—I do not see any need of your society, Woodvote. It seems to me that women are pretty thoroughly emancipated already.

Mrs. Woodvote—Huh! what do you judge by?

Old Bachelor—By the number of married men who are trying to get divorces.—New York Weekly.

She Cooled the Kitchen.

Husband—What? No ice this sweltering weather; didn't the iceman leave any?

Wife—He left plenty, but the new girl has been keeping the refrigerator open all day to cool off the kitchen.—New York Weekly.

Ought to Have Been.

Cholly—I think I ought to have been the best man—I've know the groom ever since we were children.

Gawdge—I think I ought to have been the groom—I've been engaged to the bride ever since we were children.—New York Herald.

Not His Style.

Merritt—How is it you never go to the races?

Old Soak—Because I don't like the small end of the horn.—New York Sun.

"SHIRTING UP."

And She Was Not Buying for Grover Cleveland, Either.

She was a stylish looking girl; the word aristocrat seemed to be indelibly stamped upon every line of her classic face and seemed to fairly stick out from every seam of her Paris-made gown as she swung into one of the largest dry goods establishments on Fulton street one not day last week and inquired in a lofty I'm-not-used-to-speaking-to-one-of-your class way of the floorwalker near the door the direction to the men's-fixings department, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The floor walker preceded her to the counter desired and, calling out, "Forward one," left her in charge of a dapper little clerk, who twisted his base ball mustache in a way which was meant to simply paralyze the young woman, but which only served to annoy her.

"I would like to see some of the latest things in negligee shirts," she said, in an icy tone, which sent a shiver down the back of the dapper little clerk, and made him feel as though the mercury had taken a sudden drop of about 20 to 30 degrees.

"What size, please?" he inquired, in a deferential tone.

"Let me see," mused the aristocratic young woman, "I think about 36 will do."

"What?" exclaimed the dapper clerk, forgetting to twist his mustache in his excitement.

"I said 36," replied the young woman, in a decided tone, which was meant to crush the dapper little clerk completely.

"But—er, there are no shirts made as large as that, miss," said the clerk, apologetically; "do you want them for a very large man?"

"What business is it of yours for whom I want them?" replied the stylish girl quickly. "You are paid to wait on customers and not to ask impertinent questions."

The atmosphere about the dapper little clerk seemed to get very close, and the thermometer resumed business at the old stand, as the stylish girl glared at him after her last remark.

"I am very sorry, but there must be some mistake," said the warm-looking little sales-man; "the largest size in negligee shirts is nineteen inches."

"Very well," said the aristocratic looking girl loftily, "perhaps there is some mistake; I'll ascertain and will be back again later."

She went immediately to the woman's parlor, and taking out a tape measure, stood in front of a looking-glass, and running the tape carefully around under her arms and over her well-rounded bosom, looked at it and frowned, as she remarked to herself, "The impudence of that monkey. I knew 36 was correct, and they must have shirts of that size; gracious, I'm not nearly as big as papa, and he wears those kind."

Down she went in triumph to the men's fixings, and encountered the small-sized clerk, who had resumed his smirk and mustache twisting, but stopped it as soon as he saw the young woman approaching.

"I knew I was correct," she said defiantly, "36 is the size, and you must have them."

"Well," said the little clerk in desperation, "I will show you the largest size we have in stock," and he hauled down a box of 19-inch shirts, which would fit Grover Cleveland, and spread one of them on the counter before the young woman, who looked at him in amazement.

"Oh, I'm sure that's too big," she said, pettishly, pouting up her lovely lips, and drawing forth the tape measure she laid it across the bosom, while the smart little clerk smiled a knowing smile to himself as he caught on.

The tape measure showed that the shirt measured fully 48 inches around the chest and the young lady looked at the clerk in a dazed way.

"What did you mean by saying that 19 inches was the largest size you kept? Why, this shirt is almost 50 inches."

"But," responded the clerk, in his most suave manner, "that is not the way shirts are measured, miss; they are always sold by the size of the collar."

A warm flush spread over the stylish girl's face as she realized her mistake, and she even condescended to smile upon the clerk, who was by this time feeling on very good terms with himself.

"Oh, I must have gotten my shopping list mixed," she said sweetly, "and I think a—about 14½ will be about the size; you may send me three of the prettiest patterns you have, and be sure and send them to-night, as my brother is going away to the country to-morrow."

'TWAS EVER TRUE.

There is Always Some Drawback to Unalloyed Happiness.

The Chicago Journal says: She was a beautiful girl, upon whose lustrous curls twenty summers had laid their roses in showers of color and fragrance, and upon whose fair shoulders the decree of fashion had placed a pair of suspenders.

If any who read these lines have not yet got themselves up on this fad, they should at once look up the latest fashion plates.

She was radiant in her loveliness, and the young man who sat beside her when the shadows of the evening fell was as happy as she was beautiful.

It was an iridescent combination.

He had proposed and had been accepted and he had just concluded a wild, impulsive embrace that now was tapering off gradually in a tender, one-armed hug as lingering as a case of the grip in a hard winter.

"George," she murmured, "will you do me a favor?"

"A million!" he exclaimed, with tropical luxuriance; "a million times a million, darling."

"One is enough, deary," she said, with a soft little smile of joyous contentment.

"What is it, darling?" he whispered, drawing her closer to him.

"Will you lend me a horseshoe nail?" she lisped, blushingly. "We have busted my galluses."

And George's great heart yearned and broke then, for he had come to the trysting place without a horseshoe nail.

An Old Yarn Revamped.

Once upon a time "Buck" Kilgore was sitting as justice of the peace in Van Zandt county, Texas. He was wise in general, but a little more hazy on technical points of law, and it happened that he ran afoul of a snag in the shape of a writ of sequestration. The lawyers about were, perhaps, nearly as much in the dark, and Kilgore wrestled mightily alone till there arose a grizzled old lawyer and said: "I move the writ be denied." Quick as thought the eminent justice of the peace felt solid ground beneath his feet, for he knew parliamentary usages as a fish swimming. Said he: "It is moved and seconded that the writ be denied. All in favor of this motion say aye." Well, the ayes came like a thunder-clap, and Kilgore disposed of that writ without once asking for the nays.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Logan's Courtesy.

Mrs. Logan is said to be the historic woman who drank out of a finger-bowl to save the feelings of an embarrassed guest from Podunk, and the statement, if true, proves the claims of her friends that she is the most courteous woman in Washington. No such sacrifice to politeness has been made since Lord Chesterfield drank without wincing, and with words of praise on his lips, the glass of vinegar that a thievish butler had substituted for the prime old vintage the host intended to set before his expectant guests.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Expect Too Much.

Bishop G.—So you think heaven is like Boston, do you?

Mrs. B.—Oh, of course not exactly; I don't expect too much.—Life's Calendar.

Well Said.

Economy that interferes with comfort never makes anybody prosperous.—Milwaukee Journal.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER VII.

A POLITICAL LESSON.

Professor McElroy was fortunate in having a large lawn, and one of the very few in town suitable for a tennis court. Under these circumstances it had taken on something of the nature of a public resort for their friends in the summer evenings. There were but few evenings when one or more did not drop in, either to take part in the game or to watch those who played. Sometimes the ground was entirely given up to their friends, while the professor and Lide devoted themselves to the general entertainment of their guests. But they always held themselves in readiness to take part whenever it was necessary in order to complete a set.

When Lide's little party had gathered together, a game was quickly arranged between Professor Melton and Miss Graham upon one side and Professor McElroy and Mrs. Melton upon the other. They left the younger people to their own devices, and Sadie quickly solved the nature of their entertainment by bearing Tom off to the summer-house. This left Lide responsible for Fred only, and after watching the game for a little while they, too, drifted idly away, and at last found a resting place upon the seat they had occupied a few evenings before.

"Are you ready for another lesson?" Lide asked, looking at him with a quizzical smile. It was after one of these little pauses in the conversation that Fred did not seem inclined to break. Being in love, he was well satisfied to be near the object of his affections without bothering his head about the matter of conversation.

"Yes," he answered, smiling. "I am ready for anything that is likely to advance me in your favor."

"I advise you to be careful lest you lose the favor altogether," she answered sharply. She did not intend to permit a renewal of the scene so lately enacted in that place.

"I beg your pardon," he said, looking at her with contracted brows. He seemed to be continually meeting with her disfavor. "Please go on with the lesson."

She laughed pleasantly. She had given him his warning, and now she was quite ready to be his friend once more. "I do not know where to commence," she said. "Upon what tenet of the Republican faith are you particularly weak?"

"Possibly on all of them, but the most prominent one, perhaps, is that of protection. You studied political economy in college, I presume?"

"And for that reason I ought to be a free trader?" she asked, laughing. "I studied political economy from the universal point of view, not from the point of view of some country subject to unusual and peculiar conditions. The political economy suited to England is manifestly unsuited to a country like America, which is a little world in itself."

"Still a protective tariff raises the price of the commodities protected, within a country, and the people are compelled to pay the advanced price."

"That does not always follow. But suppose that it does. The people themselves derive the benefit. They pay the money to themselves, not to the manufacturers or laborers of some foreign country. A merchant does not send his family or his clerks to buy their supplies which come within his own line of business from some rival house, does he? Why should the merchants and manufacturers of other countries be permitted to sell their goods to our families, and to feed their workingmen out of our pockets? Have we no workingmen of our own to provide for?"

"Is it a parallel case?" he asked.

"Certainly it is. We are in the aggregate a business firm, that proposes to produce or to manufacture everything that can be produced or manufactured at a profit. We do this in order to give our sixty-three million people the largest possible opportunity for employment. If others wish to share in this business of producing or manufacturing for us, we do not forbid them, but we compel them to pay a tax for the privilege. This tax carries on our government. There you have the theory and practice of protection all in a nutshell. Can you suggest any improvement on it?"

He looked puzzled. "But suppose people can manufacture certain things for us cheaper than we can manufacture them for ourselves. Why not buy of them?"

"They cannot. A Yankee can do as much honest work in an honest day as any other person under the sun. Measured against labor, the cost is the same, or in our favor."

"But if they choose to work cheaper than ourselves, why not let them?"

"I see," she said, "you wish to accomplish three things. First, throw our own workmen out of employment. Second, deprive our government of the revenue which the people of other countries pay for its support. Third, condemn the workingmen of our own and of other countries to virtual slavery in order that our rich people may buy their fancy goods in the cheapest possible markets. Is that an American policy, to say nothing about its being a Christian one?"

"We should all have the privilege of buying in the cheapest markets—the poor as well as the rich."

"The poor man has it already. Food is cheaper here than in Europe because all staple food products are articles of export, and, of course, are cheaper here than after they have been exported. The cheaper grades of manufactured goods have also been reduced by competition, almost if not quite to the European level. The only ones to be benefited by free trade are the rich people who wish to sell in America under conditions that amount to a protective tariff, and buy in Europe under free trade. Now see your party is a rich man's party, after all, and a very selfish party at that."

"You cannot deny that the tariff raises the price of commodities within the country?"

"It does until the competition within the country brings it down to a proper level. Not to a level with the pauper-made goods of other countries, by any means, but to the general level of profits within our own country. Workingmen, manufacturers, and merchants all share in this generous scale of profits. If one class gets too much, the remedy is competition—not with Chinamen or even Europeans, but with our own people. The secret of the whole matter is that the scale of profits in this country is higher than in any European country. But the free traders wish to throw down the tariff fence and put all other countries, even China, on a level with our own. This may be good political economy, but is it good American economy?"

"Why is it that the scale of profits is higher in this country than it is in others?" he asked.

"Because it is the richest country under the sun. We have not even commenced to exhaust its riches yet. A new, virgin field is always richer than one that has been cropped and skinned for ages. We simply have our rich American field fenced in with the tariff fence, and we plow within the boundary lines. The tariff thinkers declare that we ought to tear down the fence and allow our impecunious neighbors to plow across the lines, and so get rich out of our soil. Is that American?"

"Our high tariff policy certainly deprives us of the opportunity of supplying the markets of the world with our manufactured goods."

"Are you so very Democratic that you cannot draw an inference? The scale of profits being so much higher in our country, thanks to protection, we have no desire to enter into a scramble with the people of other countries for a little, paltry foreign trade. It would be only a drop in the bucket compared with our internal traffic. The trade of our sixty-three million people is far more valuable than the trade of South America, Africa, and Asia, all combined. We cannot afford to enter into competition with England to rob her of her foreign trade, which, after all, is only twice larger than our own; but we do say to her, 'Hands off!' in regard to our own trade. Do you think it would be good American policy to invite her to dump her manufactured goods into this country to any extent she might see fit? You know, in that case, our workingmen might be compelled to work so cheaply that we could sell a few dollars' worth of goods to Patagonia."

He was silent. Each one of the stock arguments of his party had been answered clearly and concisely, and he had no others to offer. He was not so prejudiced or so dumb that he would not or could not be convinced. He saw that he simply had been ignorant of the Republican side of the question. He was not ready to yield, for prejudice was still strong with him—too strong, in fact, for even inclination to overcome.

"But after all," she said, seeing that he was still undecided, "the very best argument of all is experience. We have had thirty years of unparalleled prosperity under Republican rule. What better argument could you ask?"

"We might have been still more prosperous under free trade," he said, smiling.

She laughed scornfully. "If you and I could make the world over, what a beautiful world we would make!" she exclaimed. "But, fortunately for ourselves and for the rest of mankind, we will not have an opportunity to try our hands at world-tinkering. Your prosperity tinkers will be equally disappointed."

"If what you say is true, what excuse is there for the existence of the Democratic party?" he asked.

"There is none," she said, laughing merrily. "It is as I told you yesterday. It has not the wit or energy necessary to propound a new or worthy policy. See what an opportunity it had to cut the ground from under our feet by demanding free trade with countries that would give us equal concessions in return. But Blaine outgeneraled them even in this. We are really the free trade party. Our motto is free trade wherever it will not injure any American interests. In strict accordance with this policy we drink free tea and free coffee, and sweeten them both with free sugar. What better free trade policy could you ask? With protection, free trade in everything essentially foreign, and reciprocity as Republican principles, there is nothing left for the Democrats but poor money. And even in this they are pandering to the mine-owners and to some sealy debtors who want to get out of some part of their honest obligations. The Democracy is the rich man's party, as I told you. And in carrying out their selfish designs they fancy that they can persuade workingmen into taking a cheap dollar for an honest day's work. The first man to get the cheap dollar would be the workingman. You know that very well."

"They could undoubtedly persuade some of them into voting for a slice of bread and cold potato as a day's ration, if it was upon their ticket," Fred said, laughing.

"Only Democratic workingmen," Lide said, with emphasis. "Don't you dare to slander Republican workingmen in that way. The Republican workingman is a thinking being."

"You surely make out a strong case," he said, seriously. "If I were a better Democrat perhaps I could answer you."

"No you could not," she said decidedly. "There is no answer to the truth. You can insist that the wealth of our little American world shall be thrown open to the denizens of the moon and other barren planets, or you can insist that we shall adopt a rat and rice policy, and enter into competition with Chinamen and East Indians; but there is no answer to cold, indisputable facts. You are not American citizens. You are cosmopolitan bamboozlers and theorists. You are trying to persuade people that black is white, and that theory is far better than experience."

He looked at her in smiling admiration. "And yet you say that you could not become a public speaker," he said.

"Have you ever listened to one of papa's speeches?" she asked, laughing.

"No," he answered.

"That is why you are still so very old-fashioned and Democratic," she said. "You should keep up with the times, and with the ideas that rule nations, as well as individuals. Men are Democrats because they will not listen to the truth. I am only quoting to you a few of papa's forcible arguments. I take no credit for them myself. Do you need any more of them?"

"I think that will do for the second lesson. How far did you go this morning? I have not thought to ask Aunt Eunice about it?"

"To Millicent's Bend. Were you very much put out because I would not let you go with us?"

"I was at first, but I got over it."

"I only wanted an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with your Aunt Eunice."

"Were you satisfied?"

"Perfectly so. I admire her more and more the better I am asquainted with her. She is quite a remarkable woman."

"She and your father would be just suited to each other."

"Have you thought of that, too?" she asked, laughing.

"It does not seem to be a new idea to you," he answered.

"It is not."

"Do you think it has occurred to either of them?"

"I cannot tell, but I think it quite possible."

"Is it an agreeable idea to you?" he asked, looking at her in a quizzical way.

"Why should I object, if it is likely to lead to making papa happy?"

"Prospective step-daughters do not usually think of the father's happiness."

"Then they are very selfish. I do not wish to be selfish."

But Fred at that moment was most abominably selfish. He was thinking thinking that if such a thing as a match between his aunt and Professor McElroy could be brought about, his own chances with the professor's daughter would be largely increased. And he resolved that if match-making would help the matter any, he would turn match-maker at once.

So enamored was he of the idea that he forgot that Lide was watching him with a good deal of intentness. "It seems to be a pleasant idea to you, also," she remarked.

"It is," he answered, significantly.

She arose quickly to lead the way toward the tennis ground. Her love for Miss Graham was diminishing since she realized that Miss Graham's nephew expected to derive an advantage from it. Fred reluctantly arose and followed her, grumbling internally meanwhile at the fatality that seemed to pursue him since he had forced Lide to acknowledge him as a suitor. But after the momentary chagrin which her discovery caused her, she returned to the old friendly manner once more, and seemed to be in no great hurry to reach their destination.

In their leisurely, drifting walk toward the tennis ground they passed the summer-house. Tom and Sadie were evidently enjoying themselves, for Tom was talking and joking in a pleasant way, and Sadie's laugh was an easy and joyous one. Tom could have been a model lady's man, if he had wished, and Sadie was too well pleased with gentlemen's company in general to be very particular in regard to unwelcome traits of character. She would have considered Judge Bement's son a decided catch, if it had not been for his drinking habits, and since he was actually trying to reform she was not inclined to be skeptical with regard to the outcome of his efforts.

And yet Sadie was not one to give her affections thoughtlessly, nor without regard to consequences. Tom, even if he had wished it, could not have married her out of hand. She would have insisted upon pretty definite evidence that his reformation was a permanent one. But meanwhile she was quite ready to be his friend as long as he should prove himself worthy of her friendship. When he should fail to do so, her feeling, unlike that of Lide's, would quickly take to itself wings and fly away.

When Fred and Lide returned to the tennis ground, a set of games had already been played, and Professor Melton and wife begged the privilege of looking on while the others should play a set together. Lide willingly assented, but immediately insisted upon playing with her father, and Fred, finding his finesse of no avail, was compelled to take the opposite side.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FATHER'S REFUSAL.

As the time approached when Miss Graham was to return home, Lide began to be troubled in regard to Tom's power of resistance when this strong restraining force should be removed. She was herself to leave Daleboro in a few days for an extended electioneering tour with her father, and Tom would thus be deprived of two of his strong supporters almost at once. But Lide believed that if Judge Bement could be persuaded to give his example and earnest support to Tom in this crisis of his life, that Tom could yet be saved. For this reason she resolved that she would carry out her intention of going to Judge Bement for the purpose of obtaining his help, if possible.

The day before Miss Graham was to start, Fred saw Lide coming toward the office, and he immediately divined her intention of stopping there. Hastily picking up his hat he prepared to decamp.

"There is Lide McElroy, father," he said. "I think she is coming here to see you. She spoke of it a day or two ago."

"What does Lide McElroy want of me?" his father asked, testily.

"Something about Tom, I believe," Fred answered. "I hope father, you will be able to help her. Tom's quitting this time is all her work."

He could say no more, for Lide was already entering at the front door, and he, with a smiling salutation thrown over his shoulder, hastily took himself out of the room.

"I have come upon a peculiar errand, Mr. Bement," Lide said, when they were seated in the private office, to which her host had conducted her. "I am not sure whether you will listen to me or turn me out."

"You are safe from the latter contingency, at all events, Miss McElroy," the lawer answered. "Fred was just telling me that you have been interesting yourself in Tom's welfare. I hope his reformation will be a permanent one this time. But I have my doubts. In any case, I want to thank you for what you are trying to do for him." He spoke in a slow, deliberate way, as if preventing an argument to a jury.

"I am sure Tom will be able to keep his pledge this time if his friends help him all they possibly can, Mr. Bement," Lide answered. "It is to solicit your help that I have come this afternoon."

"I shall be glad to do anything that I can, consistently, for Tom, Miss McElroy," he said. "I have thought about warning the saloon-keepers in Daleboro not to trust him, but that plan has usually failed. I cannot prevent his friends from lending him money or treating him. Perhaps if you would take the trouble of applying to them you might accomplish some good."

"What I wish to ask of you, Mr. Bement, is something simpler than that. It is that you will give him the benefit of your personal example. Your son has told me that your example has always had a very strong influence over him."

"He should have paid better attention to it, then," Judge Bement said, hastily. He began to see the drift of Lide's purpose, and he hastened to prepare the way for a refusal. "I never drank to excess, Miss McElroy. If Tom had followed my example he would not be where he is to-day."

"But, Mr. Bement, we have not all of us the same powers of resistance. Your son might easily follow your example up to a certain point, but beyond that point his will power is lacking. He cannot drink moderately. That is clearly impossible. And I am satisfied he cannot stop drink altogether unless some unusually strong motive is presented to him. His Aunt Eunice has furnished that motive while she has been here; but when she goes, some other motive must be provided, and I believe you can furnish it and save him, if you will."

"What is it that you want me to do?" he asked, frowning deeply.

"Give him the benefit of your example by taking the pledge with him. From what he has said to me I believe that it would be effectual." She looked at him pleadingly as she spoke.

He waited a moment to weigh his words well before replying to her. "What you ask, Miss McElroy, is clearly out of the question. All my business and social relations demand that I should be ready to share a social glass with those with whom I come in contact. I appreciate your feelings in the matter. You have been taught to look upon these things in a prejudiced and contracted way, and you are not inclined to consider any other aspect of the question. If I should refuse the social glass when it is offered to me, and become a tectotaler, as you desire, it would cost me my friends and clients both. I would be glad to accommodate you, but I am sure you will see that it is impossible."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bement, but I can not believe that it would be as you say." She realized her rashness in thus disputing with him. "If your motive in refusing to drink were known, surely no one could be found who would not honor you all the more for it."

It vexed the self-satisfied lawyer that she should presume to argue the question with him. He was conscious of his disadvantage in the matter of argument. He had always been a law, not only to his family, but to a considerable portion of his political followers. That she, the daughter of a political opponent, should presume to dispute with him in regard to his own habits was an effrontery that he could not well forgive. And yet he was careful that his vexation should not place him in an unfavorable light.

"You can hardly understand these matters, Miss McElroy," he said, in his slow, pompous manner. "It is enough that I should state the facts, without attempting to account for them. There is another consideration that has weight with me. I am going into these details so that you can see how impossible it is that I should accede to your request. I have consented to become a candidate for Congress in this district, and it is my duty to those who have placed me in nomination demands that I should avoid all fanatical and quixotic entanglements of this sort. My son has acquired an appetite which he cannot control, perhaps. I am sorry for him. But there is no reason why I should wreck my business and political interests in this vain endeavor to give him a little encouragement. Let him be a man, and if he cannot control his drinking habits, let him give them up altogether."

"Pardon me once more, Mr. Bement," she said, smiling. "I do not wish to dispute with you, but I can not see why drinking customs should be a necessary factor in a political campaign. Your Republican competitor does not and would not make use of them as a means of his election."

"What Colonel Warren may find essential or non-essential does not concern me, Miss McElroy. I am only stating my reasons, not explaining them. It is simply that you may not draw wrong conclusions that I refer to them at all. I must decline to accede to your request."

Lide herself was becoming vexed. The obdurate selfishness of the man who would put every other consideration before that of the salvation of his own son, disgusted her. Her next words were not well chosen as a plea, perhaps, however effective they might have been in the way of an argument. "And if your son," she said, "deprived of the moral support which this act would give him, does not, and can not reform, what then?"

The lawyer was thoroughly angry at last. We can forgive almost everything but having our sophistries laid bare and our sins charged back upon us in such a way that we can not escape them.

"Tom has no reason to charge his follies upon me," he said. "If he will not quit his drinking he is responsible for the consequences, not I. I am sorry, Miss McElroy, that you have become so deeply interested in him. I have never favored an alliance between your father's family and my own, and I shall not now, even though your influence may be a beneficial one over Tom."

Lide, at last, was as angry as the lawyer himself. "I am sorry that you should find it necessary to impute a selfish motive to me in my attempt to save your son from a drunkard's death, Mr. Bement," she exclaimed. "I have no intention or desire to consent to an alliance with either of your sons. Certainly not with Tom. Good day, sir."

The lawyer arose, to politely accompany her to the door, but it was useless. Before he could move from his place she had disappeared. But he was too much disturbed to sit down again. He paced about the room in a nervous way for a few minutes and then picked up his hat and went out. His steps were turned in the direction of a saloon not far from his office. Entering this he continued his pervous walk about the bar-room for a few minutes and finally stopped in front of the bar.

"John, give me some of the good old stuff," he said.

"Bourbon?"

"Yes."

The bar-tender set the bottle and a glass upon the counter, and the lawyer filled the latter to the brim. Then suddenly becoming aware that he was not doing his duty to the proprieties and to his constituents, he looked about for some one to share the treat with him. The only one in the saloon at the time was a youth of a feeble mind, in virtue of its being an empty one, and Judge Bement's eyes fell upon him. "Young fellow, will you have a drink with me?" he said.

The young man started up with alacrity. To dring with the Hon. Samuel J. Bement was quite an honor to him. The bar-tender placed another glass upon the counter and asked him what he would take. "The same as Judge Bement," he answered, helping himself to a stiff glassful of the liquid. There was a clink of the glasses in pieces of the pleasant fiction that they were drinking to each other's good health and happiness, and then the contents of the glasses disappeared, although tears came into the young man's eyes at the unaccustomed dose.

"Ah, that is the stuff!" the judge declared. "It makes a man of one. John, you ought to be canonized, when you die, as a public benefactor. You drive away the blues and make a man happy in spite of himself." And Judge Bement was happy for the moment. His conscience no longer troubled him.

That evening Miss Graham made a hasty farewell call at Professor McElroy's and Tom went with her. Lide managed to get Tom to herself for a few minutes during the call, that she might urge him to come and see her every evening while she should remain in Daleboro. She did not tell him the result of her mission to his father, but he readily surmised it, and his hopes fell in consequence. From this time on, he knew that the struggle would be one of life and death for him, and he was not any too well prepared for it.

While Lide and Tom were exchanging confidences, Professor McElroy was expressing to Miss Graham his regret that she was compelled to return so soon. "You will come again another season, I hope," he said.

"I do not know," she answered. "It is several years since I was here last. I do not think my friends will expect me so soon again."

"If I have the privilege of calling myself by that name, I assure you that there will be one who will look for your coming."

"Thank you, Professor McElroy," she said, smiling. "I am glad to count you among my friends. I can not say in regard to my coming, but I think it is quite possible that I will come."

"I shall count the months until you do," he said significantly.

She flashed a questioning glance toward him. "There will be but ten of them if I come," she said. "They will be quickly counted and forgotten."

"Those days are past!" he answered. "But until the count is completed I shall not forget them."

Miss Graham's smile was a rosy one, but Lide and Tom came in at the moment and she was relieved of the necessity of answering.

"Has papa been telling you how much we shall miss you?" Lide asked of her.

"I wish you could stay longer."

"All vacations come to an end at last," Miss Graham answered.

"And this is not a vacation life," Lide said. "Papa has tried to teach me that pretty thoroughly. You will come again?"

"Some time!" Miss Graham said, flashing a glance at Lide's father.

Lide wondered what the two had been saying to each other, and again a pang of jealousy came into her heart. But she ignored it, and went over and sat down by Miss

THEY OWN GOOD HOUSES

PROSPERITY SEEN AT HOMESTEAD.

The Strike City's Features are Principally the Comfortable Homes and High Wages of the Steel Mill Workingmen.

The prosperity and growth of Homestead are the strongest of arguments for a protective tariff. The town was born less than twenty years ago. It would be difficult to find in the whole United States another enjoying as great general prosperity as Homestead. Twenty years ago the site of the present Homestead was a large cornfield on the banks of the Monongahela river. To-day the city contains 12,000 inhabitants, with hardly a poor person among them, and is a well equipped modern city of comfortable homes and with all the conveniences of modern civilization.

HOMES OF THE SUPERINTENDENT AND MANAGERS OF THE MILLS.

In 1880 its population numbered 596. In 1882 it had reached several thousand. A strike in that year retarded its growth for a few years, but the establishment of the Carnegie works in 1884 again set the town on the high road to prosperity.

For the last eight years the city's prosperity has increased rapidly. The public buildings all show evidences of thrift. The present Methodist church cost $20,000. The Roman Catholics are building a church that is to cost $70,000. The city boasts of fourteen churches, most of them substantial and artistic structures. The three school houses of the city are valued at $100,000. Six building and loan associations are in active operation.

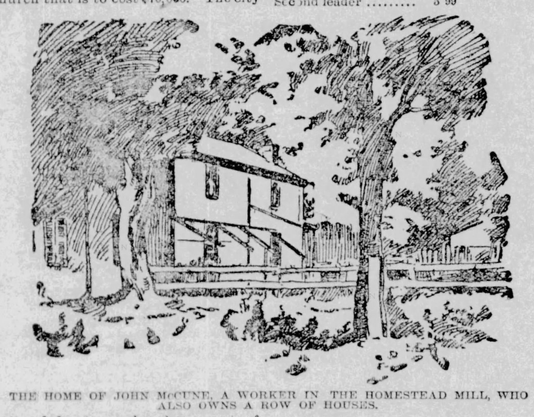
A City of Homes.

Homestead is pre-eminently a city of comfortable homes. One-half of the workingmen own the houses in which they live. The Congressional investigation showed that many of them had money deposited in savings banks and others with their employers. The houses of the workingmen are well furnished,

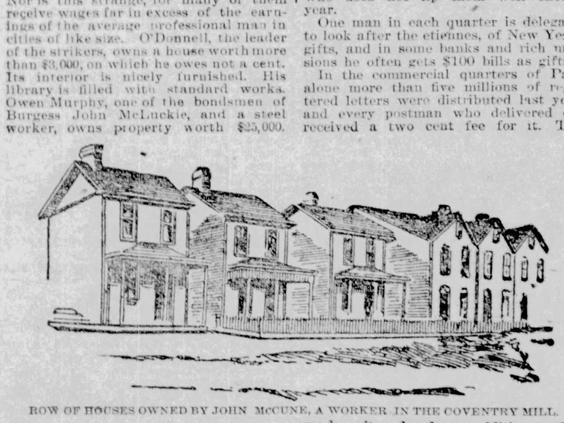
HOUSE OWNED BY SHEARSMAN BROWN, OF THE HOMESTEAD MILL.

and it is usual to find in them modest libraries.

Well-to-do steel workers are numerous. Nor is this strange, for many of them receive wages far in excess of the earnings of the average professional man in cities of like size. O'Donnell, the leader of the strikers, owns a house worth more than $3,000, on which he owes not a cent. Its interior is nicely furnished. His library is filled with standard works. Owen Murphy, one of the bondsmen of Burgess John McLuckie, and a steel worker, owns property worth $25,000.



THE HOME OF JOHN MCCUNE, A WORKER IN THE HOMESTEAD MILL, WHO ALSO OWNS A ROW OF HOUSES.



ROW OF HOUSES OWNED BY JOHN MCCUNE, A WORKER IN THE COVENTRY MILL.

Captain O. C. Coon, the other bondsman, owns property worth $10,000. John McCune, another leader, owns a row of houses.

Wages at Homestead.

The laboring day is usually eight hours long. The lowest wages to unskilled men are much higher than in other mills near by, as shown:

Employment—	Homestead for Turn of 8 Hours.	Six Competing Mills for Turn of 12 Hours.
First craneman	$3 57	$2 07
Second craneman	3 02	2 00
Heater	6 05	6 29
Heater's helper	4 13	2 89
Tableman	5 50	2 95
Roller	7 70	10 50
Screwman	6 33	4 40
Hookers	4 08	2 77
Pipe sweeper	3 30	2 30
Second sweeper	3 02	....
Marker	3 54	3 23
First shearman	7 15	6 99
Second shearman	4 68	....
First leader	4 25	3 12
Second leader	3 90	2 89
Shearman's help	3 02	2 01
Average	4 62	3 89

It is evident from the foregoing facts and figures that the cause of the present difficulties at Homestead are not attributable to "starvation" wages or to a protective tariff.

Wages for Eight Hours' Work.

The following showing, the day being estimated at eight working hours:

Employment.	Wages for Eight Hours' Work.
Heater	$8 08
Heater, first helper	5 76
Heater, second helper	3 24
Craneman	4 14
Cinder tapper	2 89
Bottom maker	3 47
Tongsman at pits	2 79
Screwman	8 64
Poll engineer	4 09
Poll tableman	4 69
Greaser	2 44
Sweepers	2 89
Shearman	4 69
Shear tableman	3 24
Shear, tongs and crane	2 89
Buggyman	2 89
Gauger	2 89
Stamper	2 63
Regulators	1 80
Traveling crane	3 60

Compared With Other Mills.

The average wages paid at Homestead

PARIS POSTMEN.

Their Immense Work and Their Small Pay.

The Paris postmen have lately had some attention paid to their condition by the government, and it has brought their hard labors and many virtues to light. In all there are 1,862 men working on the seven daily distributions of the mail in the great capital. These are divided into three classes—one for old Paris, one for the annexed districts and one for printed matter. The whole city is divided into "sections," which in turn are subdivided into "quarters," each of which is served by four postmen.

Paris is the city par excellence of "tips," and the poor postmen, who get only $300 salary annually, receive about the same sum in gratuities. They go after them with energy, and woe to the business house or private person who does not tip them well once a year.

The man in each quarter is delegated to look after the etrennes, of New Year's gifts, and in some banks and rich mansions he often gets $100 bills as gifts.

In the commercial quarters of Paris alone more than five millions of registered letters were distributed last year, and every postman who delivered one received a two cent fee for it. This made quite a handsome addition to their salaries.

The postmen are carried to their beats 000,000 of pieces of mail matter every year in Paris. The first delivery is before 8 o'clock in the morning, and the last is at 9:45 at night. This is at every private house in the remotest quarter as well as in the business section.

The postmen are carried to their beats from the general and quarter postoffices in huge omnibuses drawn by white stallions, which get over the ground at a tremendous rate. This hurrying 'bus, with the gaily uniformed postmen jumping out of it right and left as they reach their points of delivery, is one of the curious sights of Paris. The 'bus picks the men up when their beat is finished.

The various sub-offices are connected with the central pneumatic dispatch station. In all of them, and in any cigar store, one may buy the telegraph post card (open, six cents; closed, ten cents), which will be sent by pneumatic tube to the point nearest its destination, and for the rest of the way by special messenger. This service is so perfect as almost entirely to supersede telegraphic messages within Paris.

Actors, managers, professors, business men, the police, every class of persons use this handy little card, which rarely takes more than half an hour in transit from point to point. Many large businesses use thousands of them daily.

The printed matter postmen have the hardest work and are paid the least. Some of the loads which they carry are tremendous. They deliver a million prospectuses in a single morning, from end to end of Paris, with perfect ease.

Baroness Rothschild's Pearls.

One million dollars is the price of the five chains of pearls forming the collar of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild, and that of the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild is about as valuable. Both ladies are great admirers of jewels. The most curious among famous pearls is that which, three centuries ago, the French traveler, Tavenier, sold to the Persian monarch for $675,000. It is still in the possession of the present Shah.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

D. Appleton & Co., New York City, bring out in neat form "Essays Upon Some Controverted Questions," by Prof. Thomas H. Huxley. Most of these essays have been published in The Nineteenth Century and Fortnightly Review during the last six or seven years, without any intentional connection, but in reply to talks upon doctrines which the author says he hopes are well founded. The controverted question of the time, in his opinion, is how far in the historical evolution of humanity is the elimination of the supernatural from the occupation of men's thoughts is to go on.

The second part of the "Canadian Guide Book" with maps and illustrations, is also issued by D. Appleton & Co. The author, Ernest Ingersoll, was formerly with the Hayden Survey in the West, and a writer of repute.

The same publishers issue "Ethan Allen," who has been well named "The Robin Hood of Vermont." The author was Henry Hall, who passed out of this life in 1889, and left this work in a fragmentary state with many notes, for his daughters to complete.

"A Little Norsk, or Ol' Pap's Flaxen," by Hamlin Garland, is also published by the Appleton's. The theme is one of the kind in the treatment of which Bret Harte caught the attention of the world.

In the splendid series of the "Stories of Nations" issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city, comes the story of the "Byzantine Empire," by C. W. C. Oman, a fellow of Oxford, and the author of other historical works.

HOW MACARONI IS MADE.

It is Eaten So Much Here That a New Industry Has Been Started.

Macaroni has taken a strong hold on the affections of food-eating Americans, among whom New Yorkers are conspicuous. It is nutritious, digestible and palatable, also provides exercise and amusement.

The quantity consumed in this city during the past year, according to restaurant keepers, is in excess of the consumption of previous years to a remarkable extent. In view of these facts some Americans have very sensibly taken to manufacturing macaroni. Whether the home-made product or the foreign is preferable will appear in time, it has at least the advantage that it is entirely machine-made, and no such horrible suggestions apply to the American article as to the other.

Since last October one concern in this city has been making macaroni by the ton—or perhaps by the mile would more correctly convey the idea. A visit to the factory the other day brought to light many facts connected with the manufacture of this article. The art of making macaroni involves a somewhat intricate and tedious process—that is American macaroni. The ingredients, so far as the superintendent was at liberty to make them known without giving away any tricks of the trade, consist of farina made from the very best hard wheat grown in Minnesota, Kansas and North Dakota. The grain is reduced to a farina of five wholly different grades, and then mixed up in one common quality. The combination has received the title of farinola, and the name has been copyrighted. These farinas are selected with regard to their glutinous properties, as that is the chief essential in making the paste from which the "pipe-stems" are formed. This farinola is made into a paste as hard and glutinous as India rubber.

The paste is first put through a mixer, then in a circular trough, around which a two-ton granite roller revolves. This takes out any moisture that may remain in the paste after leaving the mixer. Then when thoroughly rolled it is lined around the sides of another circular trough and two cone-shaped cog wheels proceed to knead and cut the paste in pieces, taking out the flaky veins and giving an equally smooth and glutinous body throughout. From the grinder the paste is ready to go to the cylinders, which turn it out perfect macaroni.

It is put in at the top of a round cylinder, the interior of which resembles the interior of a Gatling gun or chamber of a revolver. Through these holes run small rods, which make the holes in the macaroni. As it comes slowly out of the bottom of the cylinder, the man operating the machine spreads it over a pine board and when a certain length has been spun out it is cut up and laid aside to allow more to follow. This is placed on drying boards on an upper floor, and for ten days it is kept on these boards, when it is ready for boxing and selling.

The spaghetti is made in exactly the same way, the only difference being that the cylinders which shape the stems are about three times smaller. The same paste is also made into all sorts of shapes for using in soup, such as letters, figures, stars, animals and "elbows," or what the French call "coudes." They resemble exactly the elbow of a stove-pipe.

The same factory makes the old-fashioned noodles, so dear to the German palate. The only difference between the macaroni paste and the noodles is, note the addition of the egg, requiring one egg to every pound of paste. This makes noodles cost 1 1-2 cents a pound more than spaghetti.

The factory at present is turning out twelve lines of macaroni a day, so that there are constantly on the drying boards 120 miles of this popular food product. Vermicelli is likewise made from the same paste, and the demand for this is as great if not greater than for macaroni.

To give some idea of the great glutinous properties of this paste, it may be stated that it requires a pressure of 1,000 pounds to the square inch to send the paste through the cylinders, and give the macaroni its proper shape. The superintendent took a little quantity of the farinola, and pouring some water on it began making a dough of it. In a few moments he had made a paste as hard as rubber.—New York World.

Of Interest to Deaf People.

Dr. John D. Howe, of Toledo, O., has discovered a system of treatment which demonstrates that the hearing power in a large proportion of cases can be restored.

One Touch of Nature.

It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts.

A man and a woman emerged from a doorway, glanced at the leaden sky and shivered. They had one umbrella.

"Edwin."

"Tootsey."

She nestled nearer to him.

"I don't mind it, if you are with me."

"What's a wetting with my sweet Tootsey by my side?"

They started. He held aloft the umbrella and stepped proudly.

"Waugh."

It was the woman who spoke. She had just discovered that one of the steel ribs above her was sending a stream of water into the flower garden on her hat.

"Here, young fay. Let me hold it."

With a vicious frown she jerked the umbrella from the man's hand.

"Pity you don't know anything," she snarled.

It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts. The man and the woman advanced half a block in silence.

"Woop."

It was the man who ejaculated. He had found a rivulet of rain running into his neck.

"Gimme that."

Like a flash he snatched the umbrella from her grasp.

"I'll give you some pointers," he growled.

It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts. The man and the woman proceeded twenty feet.

"Will you kindly hold that umbrella so that a portion at least of the water will not run on my head?"

She was decidedly icy about it.

"Hold it yourself if you can do any better."

He was dogged.

"I'd rather have no umbrella."

"Walk in the rain, then."

"Brute."

"Umph."

"I'm sorry I married you."

"So'm I."

"I'm going back to ma's."

"Good."

"I'll c—catch my d—d—death of cold."

She was waxing hysterical.

"Just as you like."

They parted in bitterness who had loved devotedly. It rained. The wind blew in fitful gusts.—Detroit Tribune.

A Gosh-Whacking Good Drink.

A dispatch announces that the Old Colony Distilleries' company is about to reorganize "for the purpose of distilling alcohol from raw molasses, or 'black strap.'" A former resident of the Nutmeg state indignantly assures me that "black strap" is not raw molasses. "Nuthin of the kind. Black strap is made from New England rum and molasses, and a good-whacking good drink it is, too. If I'd a drunk as much raw molasses as I have black strap, I cackerlate some tombstone maker would have been better off than he is now."—Detroit Free Press.

A Dog Transmits Smallpox.

A startling discovery has been made at Mill Creek, Pa. Some time ago a well-to-do Hungarian received a fine greyhound that had been sent to him by a friend in Hungary. A few days after the dog's arrival several persons were stricken with smallpox, and the disease soon became epidemic. It has since been discovered that the dog came from a district in Hungary where smallpox is raging. The physicians accordingly state that the disease was carried to Mill Creek by the dog, which was killed and burned.

The Prolific Potato.

If there were but one potato in the world, a careful cultivator might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years, and that would supply the world with seed again.

GRAVEYARD CURIOSITIES.

Some Queer Epitaphs Found in English Churchyards.

The full-flavored epitaph is on its last legs. The march of intellect, the schoolmaster abroad, and the halfpenny newspapers are its relentless foes. So let us be wise and garner the harvest while there is yet time, for the amusement (perhaps instruction, who knows?) of future generations. What pictures of old-world simplicity side by side with ostentatious assumption our churchyards present? When the poet sang of sermons in stones he must have meant gravestones, for sermons they are, and the best of sermons. Homilies on faith, hope and charity, on pride, hatred and envy, are to be found inscribed on their perishable faces by tens of thousands, says the Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

One epitaph in Ilfracombe churchyard shows faith:—

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear,
I am not dead but sleeping here;
My debt is paid, my grave is free,
And in due course you'll come to me."

Not far from this we have an example of quiet self-glorification:—

"Here lies a kind and loving wife,
A tender nursing mother—
A neighbour free from brawl or strife;
A pattern for all others."

Evidently marriage was not a failure in this case.

The following in Penrith churchyard is refreshing in these days of deceit on account of its candor:—

"Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife;
Their sirname was Pritchard, and they lived without strife.
The reason was plain—they abounded in riches;
They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches."

If brevity be the soul of wit, then the following comes dangerously near being witty. It is to be found in one of the Parisian cemeteries, and forms an epitaph on husband and wife, the husband having died first:—

"I am anxiously expecting you.
A. D. 1827.
Here I am. A. D. 1867."

Evidently the good lady was determined to have the last word.

The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn churchyard, was probably a Democrat, and had some little opinion of himself:—

"This humble monument will show
Here lies an honest man;
You kings, whose heads are now as low,
Rise higher if you can!"

John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakewell churchyard, Derbyshire:—

"Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives:—

This thing in life might raise some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly;
But from embraces here no pleasure flows—
Alike are here all human joys and woes;
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears;
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their tollsome lives;
The good man's quiet; still are both his wives."

Many grim jests have been perpetrated upon tombstones, more especially in connection with the trade or profession of the late lamented. This one, over the grave of a farrier, buried at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, is a brilliant example:—

"My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice all in the dust is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail's driven, my work is done."

Here is another epitaph, which may be seen in Alston, Cumberland:—

"Here lies poor Jones,
Who all his life collected bones;
But death—that great and grisley spectre,
That most amazing bone collector,
Has laid poor Jones, so neat and tidy,
That here he lies in bona-fide."

This at Wigton, Cumberland:—

"Here lies John Taggart of honest fame,
Of stature small, and a leg lame;
Content he was with portion small,
Kept a shop at Wigton—that is all."

Here is a photographer's epitaph:—

"Here I lie—taken from life."

On a lawyer named Strange:—

"Here lies an honest lawyer
And that's strange."

On Elinor Bachelor, an old pie woman:—

"Beneath in the dust,
The mouldy old crust,
On Nell Bachelor lately was shoven;
Who was skilled in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And knew every use of the oven.
When she'd fol long enough,
She made a last puff—
A puff by her husband much praised—
Now here she doth lie
To make a sharp pie,
In hopes that her crust will be raised."

The following was discovered in an old churchyard in the north of Scotland:—

"Here lies the body of Alexander Mac-Pherson,
He was a very extraordinary person:
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and sweet.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo
Fifteen thrusts
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat."

What follows was formerly on a tombstone in St. Thomas's churchyard, Salisbury:—

"Here lies three babies dead as nits,
God took them off in agie fits;
They was too good to live wi we,
So He took 'em off to live wi 'ee."

For the philosophic strain we turn once more to Cumberland, and discover this in Wetheral churchyard:—

"Life's like an inn where travellers stay,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;
The oldest only sup and go to bed.
Long is his bill who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay."

Which we all endorse with an emphatic "Hear, hear."

Who dares utter the foul slander that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotsman? Let he or she cast their eye over the following, and then sit silent forever. It is on a gravestone in Stonehaven churchyard:—

"The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
Is three or bere about;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen can fin' it oot:
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen on earth can tell,
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells hersel'."

To show that the epitaph as well as trade follows the flag, I now present a pretty little specimen all the way from Launceston, in Tasmania. Great must have been the mental writhings of the unfortunate "poet" before he perpetrated the following:—

"Beneath this rustic pile of stones
See the remains of Mary Jones.
Her name was Lloyd; it was not Jones,
But Jones was put to rhyme with stones."

Put to the Proof.

Mrs. Hicks—Didn't you tell me once you would go through fire and water for me?

Hicks—I presume so; or something equally idiotic.

Mrs. Hicks—Well, suppose you get up and build the fire, and fill the tubs; its wash day.—Truth.

A Prudent Soul.

Dr. Prim (severely)—You ought to be ashamed of frequenting saloons this way. Just look at your ragged clothes!

Mr. Booze—Well, parson, a feller's got to be mighty economical and savin' 'bout other things if he wants ter provide fer his whisky properly!—(Truth.

He Had Other Material.

Mrs. Waynp—Uncle Jabez, I do wish you wouldn't eat with your knife!

Uncle Jabez—Mercy, Sophronia, I don't; it's only a month ago that I bought a brand new set of false teeth.—(Truth.

Thousands of Dollars

Mr. S. G. Derry.

I spent trying to find cure for **Salt Rheum** which I had 13 years. Physicians said they never saw so severe a case. My legs, back and arms were covered by the humor. I was unable to lie down, **could not walk without crutches,** and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged twice a day. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon could see a change. The flesh became healthy, the **sores soon healed**, the scales fell off, I was able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

7 months; and since that time, 2 years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford St., Providence, R. I.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, not where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Last Year's State Elections.

E. B., Boscobel, Wis.: The following table shows the whole number of votes cast in the most recent state elections, of which The Blade has returns:

Alabama	183,841
Arkansas	191,448
California	252,380
Colorado	77,102
Connecticut	135,298
Delaware	35,197
Florida	33,957
Georgia	142,939
Idaho	18,210
Illinois	676,133
Indiana	477,643
Iowa	420,152
Kansas	294,588
Kentucky	289,170
Louisiana	115,744
Maine	113,824
Maryland	192,047
Massachusetts	321,673
Michigan	324,908
Minnesota	240,859
Mississippi	115,807
Missouri	464,336
Montana	31,090
Nebraska	157,089
Nevada	12,332
New Hampshire	86,240
New Jersey	260,103
New York	1,162,853
North Carolina	242,303
North Dakota	56,480
Ohio	785,635
Oregon	73,295
Pennsylvania	790,276
Rhode Island	45,457
South Carolina	74,124
South Dakota	77,907
Tennessee	202,712
Texas	343,270
Vermont	54,226
Virginia	284,028
Washington	54,803
West Virginia	149,640
Wisconsin	309,149
Wyoming	16,032

Jeff Davis.

M. D. M., Happy Land, Ala.: The facts about Jefferson Davis's capture and subsequent release are as follows: On May 10, while flying before the federal troops, Jefferson Davis was overtaken and captured by Lieut. Col. Prichard and a body of cavalry, near Irwinsville, Ga. He was taken to Fortress Monroe and kept there in confinement for two years. On September 21, 1865, the United States Senate called on the President for information relating to Mr. Davis's trial. In response, reports were submitted from the secretary of War and the Attorney General, to the effect that Virginia was the proper place for the trial, and that it was not yet possible peacefully to hold a United States Court in that state.

On May 8, 1866, Mr. Davis was indicted for treason by a grand jury in the United States for the district of Virginia, sitting at Norfolk under Judge Underwood. On June 5, at a session of the court held in Richmond, Mr. Davis's counsel urged that the trial be held without delay; the counsel for the government, however, insisted on delay in order to make a thorough preparation. The court refused to admit the prisoner to bail. On May 13, 1867, he was brought before the court at Richmond on a writ of habeas corpus. Subsequently he was set at liberty under $100,000 bonds. The name of Horace Greeley was the first upon his bond.

Mr. Davis's release gave great satisfaction throughout the South. He spent the next year in traveling about this country and in Europe. It became perfectly apparent that Mr. Davis was no longer a power to be feared, furthermore that it would be impossible to secure his conviction in Virginia. A policy of leniency and conciliation seeming advisable to the government, a nolle prosequi was entered in Mr. Davis's case in December, 1868. His name was included for the general amnesty for that month. He was never restored his political rights simply because he never asked for them.

Block Tin.

A. H. B., Hector, Ind., writes: "A Democrat here made the remark a few days ago that there was not an ounce of tin ore mined in the United States and that for all of the tin manufactured in the United States the ore was imported from England."

If you have read The Blade regularly you know it to be false. Last year we published a letter from a subscriber describing a visit to the tin mines recently in California. We have published within the year long descriptions of the Harney Peak tin region. There is plenty of tin ore here, but the mines are not being worked for the reason that capital refuses to develop a mine, as it does to develop a farm. Much of the block tin used in this country is imported from the Straits of Malacca. But you should know that the Cornish tin mines are nearly exhausted—they have been worked for over a thousand years—that they produce only one-seventh of the block tin Great Britain uses. The other six-sevenths she imports from the Straits of Malacca, which is the most productive tin region known. If Great Britain can import six-sevenths of her supply of block tin, why not we—especially as block tin is free of duty?

J. W. H., Wellington, Kan.: Can not you understand that the letter offering "$100 a pound for American tin" is a bit of campaign bluff? We can furnish him a couple of pounds of American tin right here in Toledo, if he is anxious to buy at that rate.

Railroad Land Grants.

J. R. H., Ducktown, Tenn.: The policy of granting lands to railways to induce their construction originated with the Democratic Congress under a Democratic President—Polk. It was a grant under act of August 6, 1846, to the Des Moines Valley railway, of a little over half a million acres. The next grants were also by a Democratic Congress, on September 20, 1850, of 2,595,053 acres in Illinois, Alabama and Mississippi, to the Illinois Central, Mobile and Chicago and Mobile and Ohio River roads. There were over 25,000,000 acres granted by Democratic congresses up to 1861. The total amount of land certified to railroads under all grants is a little over 50,000,000 acres. No grants have been made by Congress since 1871. The policy was a commendable one, for it enabled roads to be built in sections where there was not enough traffic to make them pay. The roads used every inducement to dispose of their lands to settlers, and the rapid settlement of the West is largely due to this fact. The question is of not the slightest importance to-day, and the persons who are using it as an Alliance argument are merely exhibiting gross ignorance.

Secret Orders.

H. G. J., Apple Creek, O.: The membership of the principal secret orders in the United States is as follows, according to the latest reports of their supreme bodies:

Free Masons	673,643
Odd Fellows	847,471
A. O. of United Workmen	267,611
Knights of Pythias	262,847
Knights of Honor	158,256
I. O. of Red Men	111,644
Royal Arcanum	118,454
Knights and Ladies of Honor	70,419
American Legion of Honor	63,751
Maccabees	62,580
Modern Woodmen of America	55,000
United American Mechanics	48,517
Equitable Aid Union	43,250
Chosen Friends	38,821
Catholic Mutual Benefit Assoc'n	35,000
National Union	26,500
B'nai B'rith	25,478
Catholic Benevolent Legion	23,553
United Friends	22,594
Catholic Knights of America	22,093
Golden Cross	17,705
Royal Templars	15,133
Druids	15,000

Quinine Again.

Subscriber, Elsberry, M., says: "I am asked why placing quinine on the free list did not stop the manufacture of it in this country. This is used as an argument that putting goods on the free list will not close our manufactories nor reduce wages."

Your half-baked free trade ignoramus appears to think quinine the world's chief product. The duty on quinine was originally a part of the war tariff—imposed because it was necessary to raise all of the money possible to carry on the war and afterward to pay the war debt. At the time it was taken off there were four or five manufactories of sulphate of quinine in the United States, now there is but one, and it maintains its ground simply because it manufactures an absolutely pure article, which the imported is not. Consequently the physicians and druggists purchase it, and pay a higher price for it than for the foreign, because of its excellent quality. So you see the facts tell for protection, not for free trade.

Democrats in Congress.

R. L. Hooker, Ga.: For the first time after the war the election in 1874 resulted in sending a Democratic majority to the House of Representatives in Washington. The House has remained Democratic ever since except during two periods of two years each. The House of Representatives elected was Democratic, and that elected with Harrison in 1888 are the only ones that have had a Republican majority since 1874. The Senate of the 50th Congress—1879 to 1881—was Democratic.

If instead of disputing, you had looked in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of July 14, which you had at the time, you would have had the information given above. We get very weary repeating facts for people who will not take the pains to read this column regularly.

Kentucky "Arguments."

N. C. H., Scottsburg, Ky.: It appears that the Democrats in your section don't get past the war. There were millionaires before the war, of course, but not so many as there are now—because our population has nearly doubled since then, and the country has grown so much richer. There were not many strikes before the war, because, for about ten years before that time, under free trade, men were eager to get work at any wages. There were plenty of men tramping from place to place hunting work. But such absurd charges are just worth as much as the man who makes them is hopelessly ignorant, of course. Please note Rule 3 above.

Prices of Block Tin.

R. R., Hesper, Iowa: The last issue of the Iron Age, a trade paper published in New York, which we have at hand, gives the following prices for block tin in that market on July 27:

	Cents per lb.
Banca, pigs	22@23
Straits, pigs	23
Straits, bars	25

These prices are for small lots.

The London quotations for the same day are, for cargoes, as follows: Straits tin, per ton, £94 5s, cash. £94, 6d, on three months' time.

Our Rear-Admirals.

W. P. Y., Glasco, Kan.: The highest rank in the United States Navy is Rear-Admiral. The list of those on the active list is:

Lewis A. Kimberly, President board of Inspection and Survey.

Bancroft Gherardi, commanding North Atlantic station.

John Irwin, commanding Mare Island navy yard.

Their Politics.

C. F. V., New Washington, O.: Mr. H. C. Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel company, is a Democrat, and has always been active in the party. Samuel J. Randall school of Democracy.

Andrew Carnegie, we find, is not a citizen of the United States, but of Great Britain. Mr. Carnegie long ago announced that he would be a candidate for a seat in the British parliament, and he always has been a true and loyal "subject" of the British crown.

The Pinkertons, of Chicago, heads of the Pinkerton force, are Democrats, as any Chicago man knows.

About the Pyramids.

G. E., Talmage, Mo.: The pyramids of Egypt are constructed of blocks of red or syenitic granite. The thickness of the blocks varies from one foot to less than two feet and when the stones are arranged one upon another steps are formed. The foundations for the structures were excavated in the solid rock, sometimes to the depth of ten feet, and upon this the great stones were arranged. The four sides of the pyramid are directed toward the cardinal points.

The inscription on the box of stone found in the great pyramid records the visit of Herodotus, and the opening by him of the pyramid, A. D. 1196.

The Silver Question.

J. O. C., Etna, Ill.: If the free silver men are correct in saying that free coinage would not depreciate the silver dollar in circulation, then the mine owner could take about 67 cents' worth of silver to the mint, get it coined, and it would then be worth $1—and he would make a profit of 33 cents on every dollar. But we believe (and the financial history of the world shows it to be true) that if free coinage and unlimited legal tender powers were given the silver dollar, it would fall to its bullion value—now about 67 cents. No laws can create absolute value.

Our National Wealth.

J. A. F., Hamestown, Iowa: Whoever told you that the wealth of the United States increased more in the decade from 1850 to 1860 than it has in any decade since, told you a falsehood. In the decade from 1850 to 1860, our national wealth increased $9,000,000,000. In the decade from 1860 to 1870, the increase was a little less than $4,000,000,000. And in the decade from 1870 to 1880 the increase was $13,500,000,000.

Miscellaneous.

A. L. G., Eden, Ala.: We are utterly at a loss to know what the book you mention can be. We never saw it.

J. W., Proctor, W. Va.: The United States subsidiary plenipotentiary to the court of St. James is Robert T. Lincoln.

J. H. J., Le Clair, Iowa: You will find the record of the two parties in Congress on silver in Weekly Blade of August 4, editorial (4th) page, 6th column.

M. and C., Toledo, O.: The most expensive building in the United States is the capitol of Albany, N. Y. It has cost up to date about $24,000,000, and is still unfinished.

M. D. L. H., Delavan, Minn.: In the Weekly Blade of July 28, you will find upon the fifth page an article entitled "Wages at Homestead," which answers your inquiries.

A. S. G., Cambridgeport, Mass.: We never saw the book to which you refer, and of course do not know who is the author. Don't ask for answers to questions by mail.

H. F. E., Mantickville, Pa.: The only publications we deal in are those mentioned in the "Publisher's Desk" column. Send to your congressman for the treasury statistics.

R. C. H., Green Center, Iowa: The inscription in your violin means that it was made by Frederick Augustus Glass, according to the model of Stradivarius, the great Cremona violin maker.

Subscriber, Elsberry, Mo.: Col. Richard M. Johnson was United States senator, vice-president under Van Buren, and member of the legislature of Kentucky. His wife was not a negro.

W. C. P., Bufkin, Ind.: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a novel, written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which was noted for giving a tremendous impulse to the anti-slavery cause. Any bookseller can get the book for you.

N. L. McD., Pittsburg, Mo.: Republicans and Democrats are both using as a campaign document the Democratic "force" election bill—or so called "Force bill." You can obtain it from the chairman of your state executive committee.

D. S. J., Moody, Ala.: There is absolutely no foundation for the story that pensions were granted for political reasons. The American people are migratory. Kansas has more old soldiers than any other state, but they did not go into the army in Kansas regiments.

Enquirer, Toledo, O.: "Agnostic" is a word invented by Professor Huxley. It is derived from a Greek verb meaning "not to know." An agnostic, therefore, is one who merely takes the ground that he does not know. He does not declare that after examining the evidence that he disbelieves, but that he knows nothing.

Subscriber, Lynnville, Iowa: Why can you not comply with the reasonable condition of Rule 1 above? Of course Henry Ward Beecher never said that "bread and water is good enough for working men." Of all men, Beecher was an abounding charity for his fellows, and aided many a struggling poor man to rise.

N. K.: We will depart from our rule in this instance owing to the reasons you give. We don't know what state you live in, and cannot answer the question. In states wherein the wife's signature is necessary to a mortgage, she still retains her dower right in the mortgaged property. You had plan to ask a lawyer what the law is in your state.

S. D., Summit Grove, Ind.: The coin of which you send a drawing is Spanish. The inscription reads from one side to the other: "Charles IIII, Del Gratia: Rex Hispaniarum," which means "Charles the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Spain, 1796." It is a half peso, worth about 45 cents. We don't think there is any premium on it. The country is full of old Spanish silver coins of the last century.

A. H. K., Flushing, Ohio, asks us to publish the party platforms of the different parties. We have already done so. You will find the Republican platform in the Weekly Blade of June 30, 7th page; the Democratic, June 30, 7th page; the People's party, July 7th, on 8th page, and the Prohibitionist, same issue, 7th page. It is too long to republish here, but we can furnish copies of those issues to those desiring them.

W. H. P., Dover, Ills.: The Columbia river can be ascended by ocean steamers to Vancouver, 113 miles from its mouth; while steamers of 200 to 300 tons can ascend as far as the Cascades. From above the Cascades the river is navigable to the Dalles, 40 miles. Above the Dalles, the river is navigable to Priest Rapids, 179 miles; from above these, to Buckland Rapids, 66 miles; and from above these to Kettle Falls, 274 miles. Above Kettle Falls the river is navigable about 50 miles. We are not informed as to the progress the canal around the Cascades is making.

You can escape just about one half the ills that flesh is heir to, by being ready for them. When you feel dull, languid, "out of sorts" generally—then you may know that some of them are coming. Don't let them get any further.

Brace the system up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That *prevents* as well as cures: It invigorates the liver and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and restores health and vigor.

For all diseases caused by a disordered liver or impure blood—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the *only* remedy so certain and effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's not only the best, but it's the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar.

With this, you pay only for the *good* you get.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Club Foot in Cabbage.

W. J. R., West Virginia: The cabbage maggot causes club foot, and it is hard to destroy. The best things to do are plant early, so as to give the cabbage a vigorous start; put a little guano around each plant to force it ahead; but the best thing, perhaps, is to give the ground a heav

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGES SUNDAY SERMON.

"Fair as the Moon, Clear as the Sun and Terrible as an Army With Banners," is the Church of Christ.

The past week Dr. Talmage has been preaching to large audiences in various parts of Scotland. The theme selected for this week was "The Glorious March," the text being from Solomon's Song vi. 10: "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fishpools, the dew of the night, and the splendor of the morning all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the church. In contrast with his eulogium of the church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day, so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest, and so unfair as to denounce the entire church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it. There are those who say that the church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the church. As high as God is above man, so high is the church of God higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys, and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars; and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth and the air and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

The world will not be up to the church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million-voiced shout of nations born in a day. The church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Chaverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, wading through the floods and enduring the fire, until the fiercest persecution and the fiercest crucifixes, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the East, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the church of Christ, and if you ask them whether they are in such associations, they say, "Yes," sometimes attend the church;" instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the church of God, I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old country meeting house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You who are floating about in the world seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourself to some of the churches? An old sea captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down by beside him. He said: "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man; and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea captain, "haven't you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man, "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule, as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."

O men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and that way, seeking for associations and for satisfactions for the immortal soul; come into the church of Jesus Christ—hasn't fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the church as it is described in the text:

First, "Fair as the moon." God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon, the awful steeps lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window-pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud, and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the seal of no mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth, singing to its silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light. She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate scepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is the only institution to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ, the bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of the altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, whose drippings are the tears of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshipers to prayer. Blessed the waters in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

I take a step further in my subject—"Clear as the sun." After a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; horses paw the air, dogs bark, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of the hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine by which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud, stoops down to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

What can resist the sun? Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for queen's coronet and sewing girl's needle. "Let there be light."

Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found only a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gates of your dead turn out to be opening gates of heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise, is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O sun of the church! shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed. Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenchless; and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.

The church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains, touched with the calling of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be radiant with gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as Paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery, bleing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear as the sun!"

Further, "Terrible as an army with banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that the church is placed for the defence of a feeble town, and a great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the church at last marches on like "an army with banners."

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyrs and saints all from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours. I divide the army with the legs, bird's wings into two wings—the American wing and the European wing. The American wing will march on across the wilds of the West, over the tablelands, and come to the ocean, no more stopped by the Pacific than the Israelites were stopped by the Red Sea, marching on until the remaining walls of China will fall before this army with banners, and cold Siberia will be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and over lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army with banners until it halts at Palestine.

The European wing will march out to meet it, and Spanish superstition shall be overcome, and French infidelity shall be conquered; and over the Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, shall march that army with banners, and up through the snows of Russia, vaster in multitude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing into all the seas shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of his ministers, will again preach on Olivet, and pray in Gethsemane, and exhibit his love on Calvary. And then the army will halt in front of the other wing, the twain having conquered all the earth for God.

History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once, and the reverberation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of the earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our King—all at once and all together: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the Prussian army came back from their war they were received in the European wing will march out to stood above the gates and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates, the choir, in music, asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched in, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But oh, the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our King!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, hallelujah to hallelujah. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in! Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee, with unfading garlands on their brow, telling of earthly conquests. All the walls of that celestial mansion will be aglitter with shields won in victorious battle, and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host. Harp shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her crowns over her, her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven; and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

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CHAMPION STINGINESS.

A Pennsylvania Man Disputes the Palm With Everybody.

One of the worst stories of extreme parsimony on record comes from Uniontown, Pa., says an exchange. A Uniontown man from that place in the city yesterday said that some time ago he wrote to a wealthy citizen of Green county who owned land in Uniontown, asking him for his price on a lot.

In a few days he received a reply in a curious-looking envelope. He examined it carefully, and found that the envelope was turned inside out. Making a closer inspection he discovered that it was the one he had sent the Green county man.

Since then he has had several of his envelopes returned in the same way. The Green county citizen was too stingy to buy envelopes, though worth not less than $15,000.

The Uniontown man remarked that it was not much wonder that some people got rich. He added that it was a pity there was a law against using postage stamps the second time.

Another Kind of Pair.

Wife—"Just look at my new gloves. A lovely pair of undressed kids I just purchased. They are a new style, and the clerk told me I would be the first to have any."

Husband (looking at them)—"They are quite handsome, but I guess you are mistaken about having the first pair."

Wife—"How do you know? Have you seen any others?"

Husband—"No, I haven't seen any, but I met Smithers and he told me they had a new pair at his house."

Wife—"What kind?"

Husband—"Twins."—Rochester Democrat.

De Senectute.

Cholly—How old am I?

Peters—Eighteen, to-morrow, sir.

Cholly—Deah me! Peters, look carefully for gray hairs this morning.—Truth.

The Camp Fire.

☞Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

Journal of the 44th Indiana Cav.

Editor Camp Fire:—We left Berwick on October 3, 1863, following after the 19th corps. The first day our route lay through dense cypress swamps, where alligators six feet long roamed in all their native vigor. We saw any number of them. They would swim boldly to our very feet, their scaly backs glistening in the sun. The tall cane which grew up on each side of our route, huge cypress trees thickly covered with Spanish moss hanging from top to bottom; the broad leaves of the palm, which there average at least eighteen inches in diameter, formed a picture worthy the pencil of an able artist, often putting us in mind of the tales of travelers in African jungles; nothing was wanting, except the appearance of the tiger and lion occasionally, and it would not have surprised us at any moment to have seen either one or both of those kings of the forest. Huge srpents would often wriggle their slimy bodies through the stagnant waters, dart their tongues at us in defiance, then glide off again. We were traveling upon the grade of the New Orleans & Opelousas railroad, which had been once in running order, but which now had gone to rack, the enemy having removed the rails, for the purpose of casemating magazines and armoring gunboats. Often while marching the men would ask the very perplexing question, "How in the world did men ever throw up this grade?" The question yet remains unanswered. I imagine it was done with slaves, for white men could not have lived long enough in the malaria of the swamps of Louisiana to complete such a task. In the afternoon we passed an old fort, which the 19th corps had taken soon after Ben Butler captured New Orleans.

On October 4, we camped in Franklin. We passed by many fine plantations, thickly covered with orange and lemon groves. This is as fertile a country as there is under the sway of Abraham Lincoln. Shortly after we went into camp the 11th and 24th went for a sweet potato patch, found the sweet potatoes large and of excellent quality. This is styled the "Attakapas country." Almost all the people are French and creoles.

On the 6th, we came near the 19th corps at New Iberia, camping at noon. Here is a noble place for foraging.

New Iberia is on Bayou Teche, which is barely wide enough to allow transports to run, yet the water is very deep. Our transports came whistling up ere sunset, looking for all the world, as the Irishman said of the locomotive, "Loike a shtameboat hunthin' wather," their tall chimney stacks just brushing the huge branches of trees overhead. Here Gen. Cameron took command of our brigade. On October 10, we were awakened from sleep by the notes of the bugle sounding the assembly. This was the first intimation to us that day had dawned. Not even had reveille been sounded. We had not been to breakfast yet. Our tents were struck, our blankets folded, and though our coffee, steaming hot, stood by us, the order was imperative, and we must obey. Our adjutant had been notified the night before of our intended movement, with orders to draw rations, but being fatigued, he fell asleep, and failed to notify company commanders. With empty stomachs we took up the line of march for a long day's exploration of Louisiana in the southwest. Leaving New Iberia, we started upon the Opelousas road, which runs through long, interminable prairies, which have been, long years ago, under a fine state of cultivation. The old sugar cane ridges which have been thrown up about eighteen inches high, four feet apart, still remain intact, but now covered with tall prairie grass. Even all signs of fences have long since been obliterated by the hand of time. Our route lay across thousands of acres of these ridges. The traveler knows all the troubles of a pedestrian's efforts upon a railroad track, where the ties are near and far apart. Just so we traveled the whole day, one foot upon a cane ridge, the other down in the hollow dividing those ridges.

About noon our sutler came up with several gross of sardines, or "fish billed in tie," as Artemus Ward has it. We pitched in and devoured the whole lot. Many times since the regiment which followed us upon that march have styled us the "sardine battalion." Many stragglers were wont to fall out by the wayside, long ere night. The writer was one of them upon this occasion. During our stay upon a friendly porch, hard by the road, an old gray-headed citizen came up. We gleaned the following facts in reference to the country. Said he:

"Many, many long years ago this part of Louisiana was settled by emigrants from France, who were generally men of capital. They went forward vigorously, and soon the whole country was under as fine a state of cultivation as any country would be. Everything was progressing finely when the state of Louisiana was ceded to the United States, and then everything was turned topsy turvy. The inhabitants as a general rule belonged to the titled nobility of France. Of course they pulled up stakes and returned to France, thus letting the fertile plains of the Attakapas country sink back into the primeval state again."

At 10 o'clock p. m. we went into camp on Vermillion Bayou. The men were tired and hungry, but the hour was too late for drawing rations, so we lay down on the prairie grass and kicked and fought mosquitoes until reveille.—L. W. Jessup.

My First Night on Picket.

Editor Camp Fire:—While in bivouac, at Falls Church, Va., in June, 1861, under command of Brigadier General Tyler, then commanding the Connecticut brigade, the 3rd regiment was detailed to furnish the advance picket line, and which was, as a matter of fact, the first mounted E company covering the front and right flank of the brigade. As soon as the sun had set the right wing moved out under the immediate command of the major. After the pickets had been posted the reserve was placed in position on the right of the turnpike road in an old log house a few paces to the right and rear of the center line. About 11 o'clock p. m., in company with the major, the writer was selected to visit the outposts, and as the major had never performed a guard or picket in his life he naturally selected the writer, who had seen a great deal of such service in the old army.

At this time we had quite a sprinkling of genuine, true-hearted Irishmen in the 3rd who, as a matter of fact, were always ready for fun or service, particularly if there was danger or adventure in the same. After making a close inspection of the line, I advised that the pickets be advanced some forty or fifty paces to the direct front. The necessary instructions were given to keep a bright lookout, with eyes and ears open. After midnight the rounds were again made, and to our amazement we were confronted with the intelligence that a large body of the enemy were in our front, and were at that moment close to our lines.

Private Maloney held up his hands, saying, "whist, ye devils; be quiet, I say! The whole rebel army is in our front, and they are having a jolly old time of it. Don't ye smell the coffee they're making? But it's too dark to draw a bade on them; wait till daylight and I'll show you all the fun ye want; just lay down and be quiet." So thinking the matter over I concluded to make a reconnoissance in person. Quietly moving to the front alone, I had not proceeded far, when I discovered Maloney's rebels. They brought to my mind at once Byron's beautiful description of the wild steeds in "Mazeppa":

"The steeds rush on in plunging pride,
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse, and none to ride,
With flowing tail and flying mane;
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein;
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod;
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea."

Realizing the situation, I made up my mind to bring Maloney to the front at daylight and show him the rebels. The day broke clear and bright, when Maloney and a few others accompanied me to the front, when I pointed to the wild, young colts and told Maloney that there were his rebels.

He took a fit of laughter that extended to all hands. I requested the major to march the entire picket to the supposed enemy and to permit me to lecture them—the picket—on the duties of advanced guards and of pickets in particular, as an object military lesson. After calling the attention of the soldiers to the fact that the safety of the whole army lay in the hands of a picket or a vidette, and too much vivilance could not be used while on such a duty, now you will bear in mind Private Maloney's rebels. From that day out whenever a few colts were seen together the cry would come from the men, "There goes Maloney's rebels!"—An Irish Creole.

My Surrender at Shiloh.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was in the Shiloh fight on Sunday, April 6, 1862. My regiment was one of those on the front of the army on Saturday night before the battle. On Sunday our officers knew the enemy was close, for one of Gen. Prentiss's staff officers rode along our line and ordered us to put out all our fires and not to light any candles during the night. On Sunday morning our regiment was up early, getting breakfast, when we heard the ball open on our right. We stood and listened to the fight some fifteen minutes before the long roll beat in our regiment. We had all eaten our breakfast before the long roll beat. We then marched out about 300 yards to the far edge of an old field. There we stood about five minutes, when we were ordered to fire a volley to our front through the brush. Yet we did not see the enemy. Then we stooped and looked under the brush and could see the rebels crawling toward us on all fours. We gave them another volley. We looked to our right and saw the rebels were flanking us. Our colonel ordered us to retreat back to our tents. We halted at our tents and give them two more volleys. By this time the rebels were within 20 steps of us. We were ordered to fall back again. We had a running fight about 400 yards, when we struck our main battle line. There we halted and stood in line about 15 minutes, when we were ordered down to our right, to relieve an Illinois regiment—I think the 62d. We found them lying in an old road, which had washed out about two feet. Here our regiment lay all day hard pressed by the enemy. During the day they charged us five times—three times by cavalry and two by infantry. We drove them back at every charge they made. We kept them back till about 4 o'clock, when we looked to our rear and saw the stars and bars flaunting to the breeze, with a lot of infantry and a battery up in an old field, not more than 300 yards away. Our colonel ordered us back toward Pittsburg Landing. We had not gone more than 200 yards when we were fired into. The colonel made a right wheel with the regiment. We ran the gauntlet and got through toward the Landing. The rebels headed us off with a regiment of cavalry. We halted at an officer's tent in an old field, where we found a mixed lot of soldiers—Missourians, Iowans and Illinoisans. The rebel cavalry began to shoot at us pretty lively. We had no officer in our squad, and nobody knew what to do. We were completely demoralized. I saw we were all going be killed, so I got a newspaper and put in between the muzzle of my gun and ramrod, held it up, and started with the men to a rebel regiment on our right and surrendered the squad.—Daniel F. Clay, Co. D, 18th Mo. Inft. Vol.

My First View of the Sea.

Editor Camp Fire:—It was a lovely spring day, in the month of May, 1861, that our company of North Georgia "crackers" landed in Savannah. We were then just brimming over with patriotic enthusiasm, as we marched through the streets to the stirring music of the band, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and gay-colored bunting streamed to the breeze, while cheer after cheer went up from our gallant boys in gray. Our first march ended at the old parade ground, in the city, where we stacked arms, and then many of us obtained passes, to loiter around, and view the sights in that quaint old city near the sea, with its noble squares adorned with venerable trees, many of which were festooned with long gray-bearded moss. The curious houses on quaint streets, the strange, soft language and customs of the people, made a marvelous impression on us "up country crackers."

At that time Savannah was all astir with the tramp, tramp, tramp of soldiers marching, while the bands played their gayest airs—the shrill of the bugle, and occasionally the booming of a cannon far away in the distance, all strange sights and sounds, were discussed freely, as we gathered in groups around the evening camp fire. Directly the old clock in the steeple would ring out the lateness of the hour, so then our blankets would be spread soldier-fashion on the ground, and we would soon be asleep, and dreaming of our loved ones at home far away.

But we were not long to rest, for the shrill music of fife and drum would ring out on the clear morning air, and after answering to roll call, and a hasty breakfast, we were marched to the river front and embarked on a steamer, bound for Tybee island. We crowded on deck and viewed with marvelous interest the passing scenes as we steamed slowly down the river. The marsh land pictures soon faded from sight as the river widened. Soon in the distance was seen the broad expanse of the blue Atlantic, while cheer after cheer rang out for the grand old ocean. We anchored near Tybee beach, and orders were given to "strip clothing and go ashore."

Never shall I forget that droll sight—the fear and tremblings, the look of perfect consternation depicted upon the faces of our gallant "up country crackers" as the mighty swell and deep roar of the ocean, with the wild shrieks of the sea birds smote upon our eyes and ears. We thought this a "powerful dangerous" pond to wade, but after considerable hesitation, some of the sailors encouraged us by jumping overboard, and soon we all plunged in and struck for the shore, where we landed safe and sound much to our astonishment and the great amusement of the sailors. The ocean was awe-inspiring in its grand majesty, but we did not stay long enough to get thoroughly acquainted. Many false alarms were given by us, who could not tell the difference between the wonderful noises of the sea and those from our enemy, which were in view all the while in their mighty warships.—F. V. Bendell, Richmond Co., Ga.

A Friend

Wishes to speak through the *Register* of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are

In Need

of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills."—Boothbay (Me.), *Register*.

"Between the ages of five and fifteen, I was troubled with a kind of saltrheum, or eruption, chiefly confined to the legs, and especially to the bend of the knee above the calf. Here, running sores formed which would scab over, but would break immediately on moving the leg. My mother tried everything she could think of, but all was without avail. Although a child, I read in the papers about the beneficial effects of Ayer's Pills, and persuaded my mother to let me try them. With no great faith in the result, she procured

Ayer's Pills

and I began to use them, and soon noticed an improvement. Encouraged by this, I kept on till I took two boxes, when the sores disappeared and have never troubled me since."—H. Chipman, Real Estate Agent, Roanoke, Va.

"I suffered for years from stomach and kidney troubles, causing very severe pains in various parts of the body. None of the remedies I tried afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills, and was cured."—Wm. Goddard, Notary Public, Five Lakes, Mich.

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The Sunday School.

The Apostles Persecuted.

LESSON VIII, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21.

Golden text—We ought to obey God rather than men.—Acts v, 29.

LESSON TEXT.

Acts v, (25-41.)

25. Then came one and told them, saying, Behold, the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple, and teaching the people.

26. Then went the captain with the officers, and brought them without violence, for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned.

27 And when they had brought them, they set them before the council: and the high priest asked them,

28. Saying, Did not we straitly command you that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us.

29 Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men.

30 The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree.

31 Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

32 And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.

33 And when they heard that, they were cut to the heart, and took counsel to slay them.

34 Then stood there up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people, and commanded to put the apostles forth a little space;

35. And said unto them, Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men.

36. For before these days rose up Theudas, boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves: who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered, and brought to nought.

37. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the taxing and drew away much people after him; he also perished; and all, even as many as obeyed him, were dispersed.

38. And now I say unto you, refrain from these men, and let them alone. for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought:

39. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

40. And to him they agreed: and when they had called the apostles and beaten them, they commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus, and let them go.

41. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.

Illustrative Applications.

The men whom ye put in the prison are in the temple standing and teaching the people (v. 25). Men who are in dead earnest in behalf of a good cause will not be turned from it by any ordinary hindrances. If they see a house afire in which their loved ones are asleep, if they see those dear to them struggling in the waves, if they see ruffians assailing their defenseless relatives, they will push on determinedly to the rescue, though they be pulled back or tripped in their cause by violent opposers. As soon as they are up again they will be at it again. The apostles were men of that spirit. Imprisonment didn't make them less earnest and zealous for the welfare of their fellow-men. Released from the prison, they were preaching and teaching as before. We ought to be of the same spirit in behalf of the same cause. Yet with no danger of imprisonment or scourging, we are not always making known to others the gospel of Jesus by our words and ways.

They feared the people, lest they should be stoned (v. 26). Public opinion keeps a great many back from wrong-doing. There are few men who would let others know just how bad they are. If murder and stealing, and vile speech, and viler acting, were approved by the community generally, they would be even a great deal more common than they are. The public deserves the credit which many an outwardly correct man takes to himself for conformity to the limits of common decency. The public is ready to stone a man for acts which many members of the aroused mob would themselves be guilty if they had a chance, and were not afraid of the public indignation.

We must obey God rather than men (v. 29). That would seem to be an indisputable truth; but it is really a truth that is not even generally accepted as a basis of action in the world at large. What men insist on, rather than what God has commanded, is popularly binding. Fashion is more blindly followed than Bible teachings by the average church-goer. Many a man or woman shrinks from standing out against public sentiment, while quietly defying God by conscious disobedience of his law. And there are multitudes who would hesitate to break a statute law, when they would not quiver at the thought of breaking some positive law of God. There are those who would not steal a dollar from a public treasury if there are the least danger of it, who if they are by no means the entire population), yet who would steal time and service from God with hardly a thought of special iniquity. And the world generally judges men rather by their conformity to man's law than to God's law. A church-member can defraud God out of his dues without losing caste in church or community, when he would be a branded man if he openly defrauded one of his fellows to a far less extent. Yet, in spite of popular practice in such matters, the true standard of right is what God commands, and not what man says is our duty.

We are witnesses of these things; and so is the Holy Ghost (v. 32). God works with those who would work with him. He makes his servants his partners, when they want to be in partnership with him. We must realize his goodness and his power before we can tell of them to others effectively. But when we are moved by a sense of his love and his goodness and his power, in our efforts to win others to a sense of the blessings in store for them also, God speaks through us, so that our words are the words of the Holy Spirit, and hearers are convinced by the evidence of the truth which we present and represent.

If this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them (vs. 38, 39). Whatever blame fairly attaches to Gamaliel, this truth affirmed by him is a truth for all time. If his counsel could be heard and heeded, in these days of worry over the conflict between "traditionalism," and "criticism," how it would calm the minds of excited theologians! If the new teachings, or the old teachings, are of men, they will be overthrown; but if they are of God, we shall not be able to overthrow them. Steady, then, steady! Let us possess our souls in patience, as these discussions are in progress. Error cannot have the foundation of truth; truth cannot be swept away like error. We ought to have at least as much faith as Gamaliel.

Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer dishonor for the Name (v. 41.) Not that the Name suffered dishonor, but that they were privileged to stand for the Name, even to the extent of bearing any disgrace that attached to it in popular esteem just then. If a friend whom we know to be pure as, and worthy of, was under suspicion of crime, how gladly we would accept the discredit of being counted true to him, and how much more gladly we would bear the whole shame, if we could thereby shield him from unjust suspicion. It is an honor that we should be grateful for, if we are counted worthy to be linked with the Name of Jesus, at any cost to ourselves, in reproach or in shame.—H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

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THURSDAY, AUG. 11, 1892.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 111,000.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

THIS IS A MP GNIF CENT EDUCATION.

The Presidential campaign is one of education. The result will depend upon whether the truth regarding the tariff is made plain to the intelligence of the masses of the people. There is no danger of the adoption of free trade if the people once understand its nature.

There is no paper published in the United States which is so thorough an educator on the tariff question as is The Blade. It meets the free traders squarely at every point, and shows up the fallacy inherent in their position. Hence it should be circulated by every Republican who desires the triumph of his party and its principles. We want—

First, the name and address of the chairman of the Republican committee of your county;

Second, the name and address of the chairman of every Republican club—campaign or otherwise;

Third, the name and address of every Republican voter in your neighborhood who is not a subscriber to The Blade, in order to send each a sample copy;

Fourth, that every Republican who desires to aid the cause of Republicanism shall drop us a postal card and ask for campaign terms. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Read the Question Bureau this week. You will find there some important matters bearing on the present political campaign.

THE ARRESTS AT HOMESTEAD.

The arrests of the officials of the Carnegie Steel company, and of Robert and William Pinkerton, and some of their subordinates, charged with responsibility for the murder of four of the workmen engaged in the battle at Homestead against the barges containing Pinkerton men, is important, because it will probably lead to a decision as to the view the law takes of two things: First, the gathering of the workmen to prevent the Pinkertons from taking possession of the Homestead works; second, whether any one may hire armed men to put him in possession of his own property. There seems to be a need of information on these points. If the workmen's action is defined as a mob, and hence an illegal assemblage, it will have a very useful educational effect upon those who engage in future strikes. If the right to employ Pinkertons or other armed men is denied, it will be a lesson to employers in similar cases in the future.

The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of the men killed in the Homestead riot is a guarded one, but it refers to the strikers as "an unlawful assemblage," and recommends that it be certified to the grand jury at the September session of court for investigation. It is to be hoped that every phase of the whole affair shall be investigated and passed upon by the courts, that the parties in interest, not only at Homestead, but all over the country, shall be informed of their legal rights in any case of dispute between workmen and employers.

BLAINE IN THE FIGHT.

James G. Blaine announces his purpose of entering the Presidential campaign as the champion of the Republican policy. While his friends—and their name is legion—know that he never, in all the years he has been in political lifelife, has sulked in his tent, yet there were fears that the sad bereavement he recently suffered in the awfully sudden death of his son, Emmons, might keep him in seclusion. Mr. Blaine has solved these doubts happily by his announcement of his purpose to take an active part in the canvass. No living man can rally the Republicans of the nation as one man as can James G. Blaine. It is augury of victory that his white plume will be the gonfalon of the embattled hosts of Republicanism in the mighty struggle for the maintenance of the industrial independence of the nation, menaced by the Bourbon Democracy, which basely truckles to British interests, and challenges, as Senator Vest once said, "the protected industries of the United States to a war of extermination."

The British government, if reports be true, is trying to pick a quarrel with the United States. By grant of the King of Samoa, a few years ago, we obtained the coaling station of Pago-Pago, in the Samoan islands. It is now reported that it has been seized by Great Britain. If it proves correct, then she will have to back down, whether she be willingor not. She is jealous of the growth of our commerce, of our preparations to create a navy of the first class, worthy our position among the nations of the world, and especially jealous of our growing influence in the Pacific. Great Britain will find that she is not dealing with an inferior nation, and that she cannot take Pago-Pago from us as she took the Falkland islands from the Argentine Republic, and a slice of Venzuela from that country.

A correspondent, writing to the New York Commercial Advertiser apropos of the recent Hurd interview in The Blade, says:

It is highly instructive to observe that Frank Hurd, of Ohio, is much more frank and honest than is Grover Cleveland, of Buzzard's Bay and other places. The former does not for one moment hesitate to declare that the Chicago platform means free trade and nothing else. And it is pertinent to add that if there be a man in this country who knows free trade when he sees it, it is Frank Hurd. It makes all the difference in the world, too, in the recognition of a fact whether a man is running for office or not. Furthermore, this only tends to disclose the utter absurdity of the claim constantly made by his friends that Cleveland is supremely honest. He is, in fact, as big a humbug as any politician in the country.

The labor agitators at Homestead are still earning their bread by the sweat of their jaws.

DRINKING IN CONGRESS.

The row which has been raised in the national House of Representatives over the charges of drunkenness made against several members, marks the tremendous strides which practical temperance has made in public opinion in the United States within the past quarter of a century. Hon. Tom Watson, an Alliance man from Georgia, wrote a book, in which he held up his associates of the House to public execration, as per the following paragraph:

Extravagance has been the order of the day; absenteeism was never so pronounced; lack of purpose was never so clear; lack of common business prudence never more glaring; drunken members have reeled about the aisles a disgrace to the public; drunken speakers have debated grave issues on the floor, and in the midst of maudlin ramblings have been heard to ask: "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?"

Gen. Joe Wheeler, of Alabama, called the attention of the members of the House to the book and its author, thus stirring up a regular hornet's nest. A committee of investigation was ordered, and before that body he defended the statements made in his book. He testified that he had seen two members stagger on the floor of the House, and had heard with his own ears a member address the chair while maudlin drunk. That member had had a teacup containing whisky on his desk and had had it replenished again and again during his speech. Several other witnesses corroborated him, more or less fully, as to this last occurrence, and also testified to having seen two or three members, on other occasions, who seemed to them to be "under the influence." Judge Cobb, of Georgia, was the hero of the teacup episode, and practically admitted that he had taken whisky out of a teacup while speaking on the Noyes-Rockwell contested election case, but asseverated that he was not intoxicated; and a number members testified to to his sobriety on that occasion.

All the members accused of drinking habits by Hon. Tom Watson are Democrats, and the net result has been to intensify the bitterness between the Alliance men of the South and the Democratic party. It is significant that Hon. Tom Watson was promply renominated by the People's party of his district for Congress; and he will probably be re-elected. However, as a matter of fact, the Congressmen of the present decade, as compared with the old-time, hard-drinking members of the era before the war, are patterns of sobriety. Then the man who did not drink was the exception—and so rare an exception that he he was often not to be found. Even during the exciting times of the war, when men's minds were constantly on the rack, the drinking habit was far less prevalent than in the era of pro-slavery domination just preceding. Many of the men whose names stand high in Congressional annals were hard drinkers. Presidents were not free from this vice. Andrew Johnson was the last Chief Executive of the nation who disgraced himself, the country and the high office he held by appearing in public in a state of maudlin intoxication.

In the old days before the war, it did not hurt a man to be known to be a drinking man, or even to appear in public under the influence of liquor. But the times have changed, and men's manners and habits have changed accordingly. Now, a public man can not afford to be seen drunk—nay, to have it known that he is a drinking man, so much does it injure him with his constituents. No drinking man could be elected President, nor receive any high elective or appointive office. It is by such contrasts as these that we discern the steady progress of the people in temperance and good morals; for public sentiment is but a reflex of the morals and habits of the majority of the people themselves.

Forty years ago, such a diatribe as Mr. Watson's would have provoked a personal encounter with the men to whom he referred, but it would not have affected the standing, political or social, of any of them. An investigation would not have been dreamed of for a moment. While it is true that the investigation was prompted by the fear that the Republicans would make campaign material out of the charges, yet it is to be remembered that, forty years ago, they would have been worthless for campaign material. The people did not then care whether their Representatives were in the habit of being intoxicated or not.

The change, gradual as it has been, is a great one, and shows that the spirit of the age is against the use of intoxicants. The use of wines and even stronger liquors at fashionable social functions is gradually dying out. When public opinion puts an insuperable bar to the advancement of any drinking man to any position of honor, trust and profit; and when society excludes such men from its charmed circle, a grand triumph for the cause of temperance will be won. While we have not yet reached that point, we are far on the way to it and the time will come in the lifetimes of men now living when it will be an accomplished fact. Every enemy of the saloon and of the liquor traffic should lend his aid to its progress, for it is but a part of the grand educational movement which will eventually exterminate the Rum traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

No more compact and more truthful statement of the effects of the new tariff law and its reciprocity clauses has come under our notice than the following paragraph from the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette:

It is an established fact, supported by indisputable figures, that the present tariff, with its reciprocity feature, has reduced the cost of the necessaries of life, advanced wages, increased our foreign trade, increased the import free list, and diminished the average rate of duty. It is indeed as near free trade as we can get in supplying the government with necessary revenue, while at the same time the tariff is wisely adjusted to protect and foster, as far as possible, our home markets and industries.

Russia is at it again. Her troops have again occupied the Pamir region, from which they were unwillingly withdrawn a year ago, in consequence of British and Chinese protests. Russian control of the Pamir is a direct threat toward India, as well as an encroachment on China; and it among the possibilities that a British and Chinese coalition may follow, if Russia persists in her aggressive policy.

Again the Democratic press has sat down on a tack. The fact that Col. Streator, who hung Private Iams up by the thumbs, is a good Democrat, pulls the stinger out of the attempted political capital they would make of the incident.

Will Mr. McKinley claim that "two quarts of beer for five cents," in the city of New York, is a result of his beneficent bill?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No, because it is the result of Democratic competition.

The question, "Was Judge Cobb drunk?" threatens to go unanswered down the ages, a companion to the query as to who smote Mr. William Patterson.

"Mr. Speaker, where was I at?"

Campaign Prices

Of the Weekly Blade for the Presidential Year—Special Points for Every Republican.

Our short-time rates for the Weekly Blade for the Presidential campaign are now ready for anybody on application. We have made them so low as to barely cover the cost of the white paper on which The Blade is printed.

The Weekly Blade is the only weekly newspaper which is edited with a view to its circulation in every state and territory of the Union. It is the most popular paper in the country, and has the largest circulation of any weekly political newspaper in the United States.

Unlike all other Republican campaign literature circulated during the canvass, The Blade has many interesting features outside of politics. These are carefully read by all the members of the family, and it is not thrown away, as a pamphlet would be.

We take more interest in the Republican cause during a Presidential campaign than any other Republican weekly newspaper. The issues of the election are discussed in a plain, clear, easily understandable way.

While we have made our short term rates as low as we can possibly afford, with a view to obtaining large lists at every postoffice, we want correspondence from the Chairman of every Republican campaign committee who sees this, especially from those who desire to circulate from 100 to 500 or more copies of The Blade in their counties. To those we will make special terms. Write for them!

In every case, we expect to send The Blade direct to every subscriber; consequently we want the postoffice address of each individual who is to receive the paper.

We also want lists of names from anybody and everybody who takes an interest in Republican success, and will take the trouble to send them. To each name we will send specimen copies of The Blade. We hope every reader of The Blade will send us from 10 to 100 names, and that immediately.

We also desire the address of the chairman of every Republican county committee in the Union, and hope that some reader, in every county, will send the name and address of the chairman of his county, at once.

Upon the terms we have made for short time subscriptions, anybody can raise a club of 20 to 50 names in a few hours, and that at a profit to themselves, as well as to the benefit of the Republican party of the nation.

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FOES.

Mr. Cleveland's canvass, at no time a cheerful subject for contemplation, has recently assumed a pathetic aspect. It is notorious that just before and during the Chicago convention one after another of the Democratic leaders declared in unmistakable language that Mr. Cleveland, if nominated, could not be elected. Among the most savage prophets of Mr. Cleveland's defeat were Calvin S Brice and Senator Gorman, Clark Howell, jr., of the Atlantic Constitution, and Lieutenant Governor Pat Sheehan. The last named gentleman said, through a manifesto published by Tammany during the convention:

"In our best judgment, Mr. Cleveland's nomination would imperil the success of the party and would expose it to the loss of the electoral vote in this state."

Senator Brice said the night before the convention was called to order:

"I tell you frankly there is not a thinking Democrat in Chicago to-night who does not think Mr. Cleveland can not be elected President of the United States this year."

Notwithstanding their virulent opposition to Mr. Cleveland before he was nominated, Senators Brice and Gorman, Mr. Howell and Lieutenant Governor Sheehan have accepted positions upon the Democratic national executive committee. What does their appointment signify? A few mugwump papers have the childish simplicity to suggest harmony. On second thought, we are inclined to agree with them. However, the harmony which the quartette of ex-Cleveland haters hope to bring about in their party, they do not expect to see this fall. It will come some other fall. It will come when they shall have laid the lion low in his lair; when, they, through their kindly offices on the Democratic executive committee, shall have defeated Mr. Cleveland in New York and forever removed him from their way.

Calvin S Brice and Senator Gorman, Mr. Howell and Lieutenant Governor Sheehan have prophesied Mr. Cleveland's defeat. They will see to it that their prophecies come true.

We notice several labor organizations have passed resolutions denouncing the barbarous and inhuman punishment of Iams. But the passage of these resolutions only accent the omission to pass similar ones concerning the barbarous and inhuman treatment of the captured Pinkerton men at Homestead, where eyes were gouged out, men shamefully beaten with clubs and stones, and themselves robbed of money, watches, and other private property. Why single out the one instance for denunciation, and pass by in silence the wholesale outrage, which resulted in death in one or two instances? Or is murder, theft or brutal assault endorsed by these organizations?

Mr. Louis Windemuller, in the August Forum, has an article in which he vigorously asserts that the steady purchases of silver bullion under the silver law of 1890 will end in financial disaster. His strongest point is that the failure of a single crop in the United States would compel the export of gold to Europe to settle trade balances, and drive us at once to the silver basis, with the complete wreck of business and all financial interests which that result would be certain to bring.

Alabama has some promising young mathematicians. Four hundred votes were returned for the Democratic nominee in one precinct, where only 40 votes were cast.

This is the way the anti-Cleveland Democratic press hurrahs for the ticket:

Cleveland and Stevenson

The New York World admits that "New York is a doubtful state." Everybody knew that before.

The revolutionary fever has broken out again in South America. Bolivia is the latest patient.

The Plumed Knight will enter the tourney on the side of Protection and Reciprocity.

The tin-mine-is-a-failure lie has a bran new suit of clothes this year.

McKinley's speeches make Republican votes.

THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM.

The flood of aliens pouring into the United States steadily increases. The total number of immigrants arriving within the fiscal year ended on June 30 last was greater than that of any year of our history save one—1882; and the three last years have shown a steady increase. This influx goes on steadily, and it is soon to be one of the important questions which this nation will be called upon to decide, whether it shall be allowed to continued unchecked, or whether severe restrictive measures against the less desirable class shall be adopted.

It has been one of the wonders of our complex civilization that we have, in the past, so rapidly assimilated the newcomers and turned them into Americans in thought and feeling. But this was accomplished so easily because the vast majority were akin to us in race, and the product of similar civilizations. The basic stock from which the Americans sprung is the Anglo-Saxon. All immigrants of this same stock are race-brethren, and the work of assimilation was easy. Next akin to these are the Germanic stock, which is the first cousin of the Anglo-Saxon, and in their case there was but little difficulty in absorbing them, for while their language differs from ours, their modes of thought and their habits of life are the same as ours.

There would be no need of considering the immigration question as the coming one in our national politics if the stream of new comers sprang from the same sources. But a change has been going on in the character of the stream. We can best show this by giving in tabular form a comparison of the relative numbers from the more important European countries, for two fiscal years a decade apart, closing on June 30 of 1882 and 1892. They are arranged in two classes—the first being people of those races whose civilization is nearest to that of ourselves, and who are, therefore, the most desirable class of immigrants; the second, those of races which are non-assimilable, and whose presence among us is either a detriment or a danger:

Class 1	1882.	1892.
Great Britain	179,423	117,068
Germany	250,630	100,622
Austria	13,619	34,368
Sweden and Norway	93,708	57,153
Denmark	11,618	10,478
Netherlands	9,517	7,239
Switzerland	10,844	7,402
France	6,004	6,513
Total	575,363	370,869
Class 2—		
Russia and Poland	21,500	117,419
Bohemia and Hungary	15,531	45,797
Italy	32,159	60,944
Total	69,280	224,160
All others	46,054	24,291
Grand total	690,697	619,320

The three sources enumerated in Class 2, furnish us with immigrants of a distinctly lower grade in every respect than the average of the American race. Yet note the tremendous increase in the numbers coming within ten years—and this increase has been steady during that period. In 1882—the only year during which the arrivals were greater than those of last year—these three sources sent us only 69,280 out of a total of 690,697, or only one-tenth of the whole; in 1892 they sent us one-third of the whole. The number of desirable immigrants is decreasing very rapidly, while the increase of these undesirable aliens keeps pace with their diminution.

The question is one that the nation must take hold of, as it did the Chinese question. But it will not be as easily solved as was he latter. The average member of Congress has a cowardly fear of any issue that will evoke the bogie of the foreign-born vote. No matter how necessary for the future well-being of the nation it may be to put up the bars against the influx of inferior nationalities, the mere politician trembles lest he should be brought face to face with the issue. He knows that the demagogues will howl that he desires to "build a Chinese wall to keep out the distressed, flying from tyranny," and that they will surely array the ignorant and bigoted portion of the foreign-born population against him; and he knows, too, that there is a class of fussy and peculiar people among the native-born, who have cranky views about this country being "an asylum for the oppressed of every land." These people, who ought to know better, were, and are bitterly opposed to the exclusion of the Chinese. And between these two the average Congressman fears that he would come to grief in trying to be re-elected. So Congress does nothing, and the gates at Ellis island swing inward constantly to admit shoals of people who are a menace to the maintenance of the American wage-scale, and a peril to our system of popular government, which can only be successful and permanent when the ballot is used by an educated and intelligent body of voters.

Quite a number of the Southern members of the House are worrying over the advances made by the third party in their section, and fear that their chances of re-election this fall be seriously imperiled thereby. A Southern Representative, in talking with a correspondent at Washington, said:

I was elected in 1890 by 16,000 majority. I will do well to get 1,000 this time, and, frankly, it looks as though the other fellow would get the majority in November. Who is the other fellow? Why, the third party agitator, of course, and he has been organizing the people in every county in my district ever since the present session of Congress began. If the Republicans support him pretty solidly, as they are likely to do, then I have served my last term in the House. My case is not an exceptional one, and, mark my prediction, not a few of the men who now hold their seats from districts always esteemed safe for the Democracy overwhelming odds, are going to be beaten by representatives of this new organization. It may amount to a revolution in the South.

But two state elections intervene between now and the November contest. Vermont will elect a governor and state officers, two representatives and members of the legislature which will elect a successor to Senator Proctor, on Tuesday, September 6. Maine will elect a governor, four representatives, and a legislature which is to elect Senator Hale's successor. When these two Republican states record their verdict, there will be nothing until the Presidential election.

The people of the United States are all afflicted with "that tired feeling" whenever they think of the present Democratic Congress and its asinine action regarding the World's Fair.

"Beef Tea," Congressman Cobb calls it. "Tanglefoot" is the Western name, though a poorer quality has been named "forty rod."

Can anybody remember what Cleveland said when he accepted at Madison Square Garden?

Adlai still lingers in Kentucky. Probably it is the blue-grass whisky which is the attraction.

Lieutenant Colonel Streator seems to have strung up one of the great I-Ams.

Isaac Pusey Gray isn't telling the other fellow what he is going to do.

HOW PROTECTION REDUCES PRICES

The Blade is in receipt of the following letter from a subscriber at Tharp, Alabama, and takes pleasure in discussing the point therein raised:

I am an Alabamian, both by birth and education. I was not in the Southern army, yet I was a slave-owner. I am 66 years old, still a stout old man, and scratch Mother Earth for a living. I wish to ask you one question, and an honest answer is respectfully solicited:

If supply and demand govern the price of an article, how does the tariff reduce the price?

Supply and demand are the great factors in fixing prices, but other factors may and do exert a modifying effect, especially when supply and demand are equal, or nearly so. The greater the supply with reference to the demand, the lower the price. The Southern cotton-planters have been experiencing the effects of this within the past year. The world's cotton crop was larger than the world's demand, and prices went down, not only in the United States but in all cotton-producing countries the world over.

With regard to manufactured articles—and we remind our friend that the tariff discussion hinges very largely on them—the protective system does cheapen the price. He asks how it operates to do this. Simply by increasing the supply. The greater the supply, other things being equal and demand unchanged, the cheaper the price. We will illustrate how the tariff operates to increase supply, and consequently to cheapen the price.

Let us take the manufacture of steel rails for railroads. When they first came into use, there was no duty upon them. They were manufactured only in England, and sold at $150 per ton. Railroads were willing to pay the price, large as it was, because even then they were cheaper than iron rails because of the much greater wear they will endure. A duty was imposed upon imported steel rails, in order to give a chance to start the industry in America. The free traders shrieked over this. Their line of argument was the same as it was two years ago over tin plate. They declared that we could not produce steel rails in the United States; that we had not the ores to make Bessemer steel successfully. And they dilated upon the "enormity" of putting a duty on an article we did not produce, and which they declared we could not produce.

What was the result? Enormous plants were erected, and the manufacture of steel rails began. The British manufacturers, to hold their American trade, reduced the price, thus in effect paying part or all of the duty themselves. The American manufacture extended; other men went into the business, and competition among the American manufacturers drove the price still downward. The British manufacturers retired from the field, as they could not sell rails here at a price that would enable the buyer on this side of the ocean to pay the duty and still get his rails as cheap as he could of the American rail mills.

Now, suppose the duty had not been imposed, and the manufacture of steel rails had not begun in the United States. The price would have kept up—probably not as high as $150 per ton; but certainly the price would have been to-day higher than it now is.

To put the same thing in other words: if the supply had been limited, the price would have been kept up; but the protective tariff, by causing the manufacture to be extended to the United States, caused an increase in the supply, and hence reduced the price.

A CASE IN POINT.

An admirable illustration of the benefits of the McKinley tariff to the workingman and farmer is found in the asphalt industry. For twenty years the Compagnie Generale des Asphaltes de France, whose headquarters are in Paris, has furnished asphalt to the United States. The French company heretofore has found it far more profitable to prepare its product abroad by cheap labor than to operate a factory in this country run by the higher paid, better-educated and longer-lived American workingmen.

Under the tariff law of 1890, prepared or manufactured asphalt is required to pay a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem, whereas the crude or raw material, not being found in the United States, is admitted free. The duty on the manufactured article is so high that the French company can better afford to do its manufacturing in this country at our own terms than at home. Accordingly, the company has erected immense asphalt factories, covering three squares at Long Island City. Remunerative employment is thus furnished to a large number of American workingmen, who, in turn, furnish a market for our farmers and other producers.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

We wish to remind readers of The Blade of one point which is too often neglected by persons who are either thoughtless or cowardly. In this morning's mail came a long letter from some where in the state of Washington. Opening it, the first sentence showed that the writer took issue with something or other The Blade has said. The editorial eye at once turned to the end of the letter and found no name given. The letter was dropped into the waste-basket at once. We have no time to read what is said by people who write anonymously. Why should any one waste his time in writing a long letter which will never be read by anybody? Had the writer's name been given, and his criticism, whatever it was, been courteously expressed, we should have given him him respectful attention. A letter without signature gets no more attention in a well-regulated newspaper office than does a man who attempts to personally interview a busy business man and refuses to give his name.

The editor of the Durham, North Carolina, Globe is honest enough to state the real attitude of the Democratic party on pensions with entire frankness. After abusing the veterans to his heart's content, he says:

The pension fraud is the greatest of the age—and Cleveland struck the beggars in the face. He should be given a chance to hit 'em again.

If the old soldiers and the sons of soldier sires do their duty at the polls next November, Mr. Cleveland will never have a chance to "hit 'em again."

Canada's threat to call on Great Britain for assistance in case President Harrison puts into effect the retaliatory law, reminds us of the small boy who tried to save his dignity by saying, "Just you wait till my big brother gets a-hold of you!" Uncle Sam replies, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, "Bring your big brother along. I'm not afraid of you and him put together."

The Democratic press is kicking about Judge Shiras's side whiskers. Will the newspaper critic look at the twenty inches of hair floating about the face of Chief Justice Fuller?

Political lockjaw seems to be what is ailing David B. Hill.

ADLAI'S DISCLAIMER.

Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, in his speech at the opening of the new home of the Watterson Club at Louisville, made the remarkable statement that "from the beginning to the close of that great conflict" (the civil war) "I was for the maintenance, at whatever cost, of the federal Union." We call this a remarkable statement, because it is flatly contradicted by the sworn testimony of more than one witness.

The first witness is William R. Whiffen, editor and proprietor of a Democratic paper, and a close political friend of Stevenson all through the war. In an affidavit, Mr. Whiffen narrates the circumstances of the initiation of Adlai as a member of the lodge of Sons of Liberty, or Knights of the Golden Circle, at Metamoras, Illinois; the active part he took in the state councils of that treasonable organization; and the affidavit thus goes on:

That affiant further avers that on the receipt of the news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the said Adlai E. Stevenson stated in substance that it was a good thing, and ought to have been done sooner.

The second witness is Rev. G. B. Snedeker, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, who relates the following interesting facts:

In 1864 Stevenson and I with others were drafted. Mr. Stevenson hired a man to go to the front in his place. When the draft was made Stevenson was appointed by the disloyal people to go to Springfield to see that the drawing was fairly done; he made some objection to the way in which the drawing was done, when the other told him to get up on the box and be blindfolded and see if he could do any better. Stevenson mounted the box and the first two names he pulled out of the box were mine and his. He was then satisfied and let the drawing go on.

There is other sworn evidence on record, given by men who met him at the meetings, as to Adlai's initiation into the Sons of Liberty in 1864. These charges and affidavits were first made in 1874, when Adlai was a candidate for Congress, and he did not then deny them. He does so now, but we fear it is rather late in the day. That he was actively engaged, during the darkest days of the war, in the work of that treasonable organization of which Vallandigham was one of the leaders, is too well proved for his mere dictum to free him from the charge. There are thousands of voters all over the North and West who would be willing to cast their votes for an ex-Confederate, a man who went openly into the field and fought fairly to achieve Southern independence; but they will not vote for a cowardly, sneaking traitor, who plotted treason at home, in the rear of our armies, instead of boldly and honestly taking up arms for the cause with which he sympathized.

CONGRESS HAS ADJOURNED.

The first session of the Fifty-second Congress has closed, and we are enabled to compare the Democratic promises of the campaign of 1890, and those made from the election down to the assembling of the body in December last, with the actual results in legislation. Thus the people can tell how far the Democratic party carries out its promises, and how worthy it is of being trusted.

The blatant promise of "economy" was the mainstay of the Democrats. They characterized the previous Republican Congress as a "billion dollar" body, though its total appropriations for its two years did not reach that sum. The present Coongress has proved its title to the epithet "billion dollar." If its expenditures for the second session are in proportion to those of the session just closed, in its two years it will spend considerably over a billion dollars. During the session just closed, the appropriation bills ordered the payment of $463,000,000 within the next year, and authorized appropriations covering the following year which brings the total of this year's bills up to $510,000,000.

With extravagance in unnecessary channels, the picayune statesmanship of Holman and his compeers is shown in the cutting down of the work of constructing the new navy, has much crippled our consular service—which is an indirect blow at our foreign trade—has cut down the necessary appropriations for maintaining lighthouses and fog signals on dangerous coasts, and has hampered the Military Academy at West Point by insufficient appropriations. As to the World's Fair, the Democrats, on the pretense that aid given it would be unconstitutional, refused a loan of $5,000,000, to be repaid out of the receipts, and then turned about and stultified themselves by making the Fair a free gift of $2,500,000, to be furnished in souvenir half-dollars.

The puny performance of this Congress is compared with the magnitude of Democratic promises, shows once more to the country that the party is not fit to be trusted with national power; that it is unworthy of credence, incapable of realizing the magnitude of governmental responsibility, or of intelligent and patriotic legislation.

That charmingly mugwump sheet, the Providence Journal, placidly admits that Adlai probably was a Copperhead during the war, and then adds:

But it is well to understand that there are a good many voters in the country in these days who do not fall into a passion every time the cry of "Copperhead" is raised.

Then again there are a good many voters who would a thousand times sooner vote for a man who fought fairly and bravely in the Confederate ranks than for a cowardly traitor who stayed at home and plotted treason during the dark days of the war.

Adlai Stevenson had his head examined by a phenologist when in New York. Private advices say this is the chart he received:

Adlai Stevenson.
- Lawyer,
- Copperhead,
- Substitute hirer,
- Anti-Civil Service Reformer,
- Greenbacker,
- Democrat,
- Employer of non-union coal miners,
- Defeat in November, 1892.

Judge Cobb should comfort himself with the recollection that Bismarck, when he made his famous speech on the policy of the Triple Alliance in the German Reichstag a few years ago, drank nine glasses of brady during its progress.

Adlai Stevenson's head, according to a phrenologist of note, has the extraordinary circumference of 22 3-4 inches. We would like to inquire whether the measurements were taken before or after Adlai's bibulous banquet.

Two of our formidable cruisers have been ordered on a voyage around the world. Uncle Sam is evidently tired of hearing from abroad that he has no navy. Seeing is believing!

It would be mighty interesting to know just what Lieutenant Governor Sheehan and David Busted Hill are saying at Normandie-by-the-Sea.

There is a special tax in Ohio on the kind of tea Mr. Cobb takes for his throat.

Cleveland has far greater success dropping lines to friends than to fishes.

"Nasby in Exile."

A Humorous Book of Travel by D. R. Locke ("Nasby")—An Offer No One Can Afford to Miss.

Read the different offers made on the fifth page of this issue for the above work. "Nasby in Exile" is an unique book. It not only is valuable as a book of travel, but there runs through it a vein of satire and humor—and such a vein as only "Nasby" could write—making it as good in its way as Mark Twain's "New Pilgrim's Progress" was in its line.

The manners and customs of European people—the things in daily life and travel that the observing American meets at every turn of his peregrinations—are here set down, and commented upon in the half-humorous, half-satiric manner, which gave the "Nasby Letters" world-wide fame. The spelling is not of the Nasby pattern, but the qualities that made the name of D. R. Locke illustrious as the greatest of American satirists are all there, and shine forth from every page. Read the offers on the fifth page, and send in your order. Call the attention of your friends who are not readers of The Blade to it. They will thank you for the information.

Send for campaign terms for the Weekly Blade. We are sending it for three and six months, in clubs, at a less cost than that of the white paper on which it is printed!

Let everybody send for campaign terms. Drop us a postal card by return mail, asking for them.

THE MOROCCO QUESTION.

Morocco appears to be destined to be much more widely known than it has been in the past. Occupying the northwest corner of Africa, it is over a quarter of a million square miles in area—that is, it would make six states the size of Ohio, and a little more. It is now the center of international intrigue. The British government sent Sir Charles Euan Smith as special envoy, charged with the duty of obtaining a treaty by which the Sultan would throw open Morocco to European trade. Great Britain was acting for herself, and the other European commercial nations, except France. After long negotiations, the Sultan refused to make the desired treaty. Closely following this was the report that he had determined to concede the privilege of Morocco's commerce to France. Should he do this, England and Spain would protest, and Italy and Austria also, in all probability.

France possesses Algeria, lying immediately east of Morocco. She probably would not object to absorbing Morocco also, but her chief object just now is to prevent England getting a foothold there. She remembers what followed English investments in the Suez canal. When internal disturbances arose, British war vessels were ordered there without loss of time, to "protect the interests of English investors;" and on that pretext England interfered by force of arms, bombarded and took Alexandria, put down Osman Digna, and now practically controls egypt. The French influence, previously dominant, was utterly overthrown. And if England can get a treaty allowing herself and other nations commercial privileges, with the right of working the rich mines of the Atlas mountains, and of acquiring land for agriculture—and the soil of all of Morocco save the desert plateaus is of unexampled richness — France knows that England will be interfering with the strong arm, "to protect English industries," whenever the turbulent tribes of the coast or the desert rise against the Sultan, as they do periodically. The coast tribes are in revolt now. And the occupation of Morocco by England would promptly follow.

The reasons why France fears this are plain. England holds Gibraltar, and, if she occupied Morocco would then hold the other side of the straits of Gibraltar. In case of war, she could close the Mediterranean, and cut off communication by sea between the French seaports on that sea and those on the Atlantic. One would suppose that Italy and Austria would, for the same reason, object to England's occupancy of Morocco, for their ports are all in the Mediterranean; but the tenor of the cables is that they assent to England's attitude. What secret of diplomacy this fact conceals only time and opportunity will reveal.

England has both commercial and strategic interests in occupying Morocco. France has the same interest in preventing her occupancy, and Spain looks across the strait and revives the old saying of four hundred years ago that the long struggle between the Cross and Crescent, between Christian and Moor, did not end with the expulsion of the Moors from the Iberian peninsula, but will only be complete when the conquest of the native country of the Moors is accomplished. Hence it will be seen that there is a prospect that Bismarck's prophecy that "Europe will one day find a second Eastern question in Morocco," bids fair to be fulfilled.

The newspapers are seeking a new word name for the People's party. "Populists" has been mentioned, but does not seem to meet with favor. The Blade suggests that they be called "Adullamites." It will be recalled by those familiar with the Old Testament that when David escaped from Saul, and took refuge an the cave of Adullam, that "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him." The Adullamites of old were made up of similar elements to that which to-day forms the make-up of the People's party. Why not, then, call that party the "Adullamites?" Do we hear any reason?

Reciprocity works well with Brazil. Her exports of coffee to this country were 60 per cent greater during the fiscal year just closed than during the previous one, and greater than her exports of that article to all European countries put together.

Five hundred Mormon families will soon move to Mexico. Their principal object will probably be to people the desert.

Queen Victoria was mad, and yet she made the shortest speech that has ever been made from the throne.

If the present Democratic Congress keeps up its record, it will need no campaign to elect Cleveland.

Mars appears to have experienced a hard winter, to judge from the astronomers' reports.

The Fifty-second Congress has taken the place it deserves in history. Allah be praised!

It is safe to say that Congressman Holman could not be elected constable in Chicago.

CURRENT EVENTS

The diameter of Mars is 4,400 miles.

Bright, violet is the Turkish mourning color.

Chautauqua has a summer school of cookery.

The spectroscope shows air and water on Mars.

Sir W. Herschel discovered the polar ice caps of Mars.

The length of a day on Mars is 24 hours and 37 minutes.

It's mustaches against whiskers.—Boston Herald (Dem.)

Fifty-four young women graduated from Vassar this year.

Ten young women graduated at the Harvard Annex this year.

A year on Mars is two years and 40 1-2 days long, earth time.

Mars was so bright in 1719 as to be mistaken for a new star.

Haskett Smith is the name of the first English publican in Palestine.

Denmark will exhibit at the World's Fair a complete Danish dairy.

The right kind of martyrdom lets somebody else advertise it.—Ram's Horn.

Mars is five times as bright now as he will be when on the far side of the sun.

Prof. Kluge, of Jena, calculates that Shakespeare uses in his works 20,000 words.

Great Britain has two lady lawyers. Both are Irishwomen and both natives of Belfast.

Worth, the famous Paris dressmaker, has declared against trailing street gowns.

There is a Beer Sea on Mars, which must be a heavenly abode, indeed, for thirsty folks.

The moons of Mars are named Deimos and Phobos—after the war horses of the Greek god.

It is funny that the frequenters of pool rooms are so constantly getting dry.—Boston Courier.

Too many people are electric lights in prayer-meeting and tallow dips at home.—Ram's Horn.

Strawberries four inches in diameter have been grown in Oregon, near Colville, this summer.

James Wills, of Mount Sterling, Ky., has been struck by lightning four times and is still alive.

A boat often has to give ball for its appearance when arrested by a storm.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It costs $2 for a three-minute attempt to carry on a conversation over the London-Paris telephone line.

The new name for the man who throws a banana peel on the sidewalk is a bananarchist.—Texas Siftings.

The lady managers of the World's Fair are collecting statistics of all the women's organizations of the world.

The little moons of Mars are only from five to ten miles in diameter. The smaller of the two is the brighter.

Naturally, the hop season and the beer season come together at the fashionable watering places.—Boston Gazette.

The renomination of Cleveland will be ratified enthusiastically throughout Great Britain.—Kansas City Journal (Rep.)

Father Cre, a French priest stationed at Jerusalem, recently found a talent of the time of King David in his door yard.

Thar is Congressmen that thinks it is treezon to taxpayers for Uncle Sam to use a bath tub instid ov washin' in the crick.

An absent-minded man registered his name on the first day of his wedding journey, "E. C. Wife and White, California."

The land on which the Chicago opera-house stands, and which is now worth $1,000,000, was sold for $61 sixty years ago.

A twenty-ton sloop, carrying three men and a dog, sailed from Liverpool on May 4, and arrived safely at Sierra Leone on June 28.

Curious Contrast—Ceaseless v

Publishers' Desk.

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

ABOUT "NASBY IN EXILE."

We promised, some time ago, that we should make an offer by which any of our regular subscribers desiring it should be able to obtain a copy of "Nasby in Exile." If the reader will turn to the advertisement of "Nasby in Exile," on the fifth page, and read the terms on which the book may be obtained, he will find under the "Fourth" offer, one addressed to regular subscribers. Read it, and send for the book. You will not regret it.

By the way, we wish some of our friends who have already obtained the book and read it, would take time to write to us and tell us how they like it. We shall be glad to have their opinions.

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are crected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messlonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

An American Reciter Abroad.

Mrs. Charles Waldo Richards, an American reciter, is the latest of our countrywomen who has captured London and Paris.

She has made great success in both capitals with dialect readings and her

MRS. C. W. RICHARDS.

delineation of "Down-East Yankees," plantation negroes and "Southwestern Hoosiers." At least so says the London Queen.

Fixed Colors.

Yeast—Did you notice Miss Fussanfeather color up when she came into the room?

Crimsonbeak—No; I thought she did it before she came down stairs.—Yonkers Statesman.

Going Up and Coming Down.

"No, my son, you mustn't expect to get up in the world in a minute. Nobody can walk half so fast going up hill as coming down."—Boston Transcript.

LETTER FROM HOMESTEAD.

A Steel-Worker in That Town Discusses the True Inwardness of the Strike—As to Compulsory Arbitration.

Homestead, Pa., Aug. 3.—Editor Blade:—I feel it my duty, in justice to the workingmen and your paper, to correct some misstatements which appeared in your issue of July 14, under the head of "The Homestead Dispute." In the first place, you say only 45 men are affected by the change in minimum scale. That is wrong. There are from 45 to 50 tonnage men working on each shift, in the converting and blooming mill. They work three turns of eight hours each, in 24 hours making 135 men directly affected.

In regard to the second point, you say: "The workmen made no reply to the second point, which appears to be of minor importance." I want to tell you that the second point is the crowning issue in the fight. Allow me, please, to briefly review the facts that transpired between the Amalgamated association and the firm, through H. C. Frick, chairman. The minimum scale presented by the association was $25. The firm's was $22. The association conceded $1; making $24. Then the firm came up to $23. The difference between the two parties was $1 in the minimum scale. Then the firm, seeing the willingness on the part of the association to reach an amicable settlement by compromise, proposed a change in the date of expiration of the scale, from June 30 to December 31. This was flatly refused by the association, as to concede to it would be throwing away one of the grandest victories the association accomplished, in having all difficulties settled in the hottest season of the year, when the workmen could better afford to be idle, in the warm weather, and when the demand for structural material is greatest, owing to buildings being erected and other structures outside.

This, Mr. Frick knew too well, and full well he knew it would not be accepted by the association, because he could better fight the union in the dead of winter, and freeze the men into work. Then the czar turned around and said: "This, gentlemen, is my ultimatum; if you refuse to accept now, no further conferences will be held," or words to the same effect. He did not want a settlement. His actions showed it plainly. He wanted to fight, and, if possible, defeat the association.

One more point, please. In his testimony before the Congressional committee, he said he had closed all engagements with the Pinkertons by June 25. Well, now, the old contract did not expire until June 30, and the manufacturers do not receive the scale from the association before July 1. So you can plainly see that Mr. Frick wanted no settlement. He has boasted of his victory when fighting the workmen. The last fight was with the "Huns" in the coke regions. He imported them there, and when they struck against a 10 per cent reduction, he got the militia there to protect him, while he brought in a fresh lot of Huns, with shipping tags tied to them, like so many cattle, marked thus: "H. D. Frick, Coke Co., Conn." So you can see this trouble is not so much a question of wages, but of union or no union. (How is this for protection?)

Now, Mr. Editor, this is the candid truth. I am a steel worker, though I have not worked for this firm for the past seven years, but have lived in this town for eleven years—since the mill was built. Have always voted the Republican ticket. Am a subscriber for your paper, and enjoy reading your editorials. But please, in fairness to the laboring man, do not misrepresent the truth. I would like you to publish this as coming from a Homestead man; it may have some weight for the truth of it. Any right thinking man can see it is not the fault of protection that these troubles occur, but it is the greedy, grasping hand of the capitalist.

What is your opinion of compulsory arbitration? Have they a law for that? If not, do you think it would be a good thing? I sometimes think so.

WORKMAN.

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There is no law for compulsory arbitration, nor can any equitable law be framed covering arbitration of wage disputes unless it provides that both parties shall ask arbitration. To compel men to work for less wages than they are willing to accept would be rank tyranny. On the other hand, to compel employers to pay wages higher than they can afford, would be equally tyrannical. As a contemporary has well expressed it, "the time will never come when it will be necessary seriously to discuss so absurd an idea as compulsory arbitration. When any man is ever compelled to pay more for labor than he believes he can afford to pay, that will be the end of all business and the withdrawal of all capital from enterprise of every kind. When any man is ever compelled to labor for smaller wages than he wishes to take, that will be the restoration of slavery. When a man is ever compelled to do otherwise than as he thinks best with his own, whether his own be labor or capital, that will be the death of all freedom and the establishment of despotism; and despotism can not be established now, especially in America, without a convulsion that would involve the destruction of human society."

A Considerate Husband.

"My husband is the dearest and most considerate man in the world."

"How does he show it?"

"He knows I hate tobacco smoke in the house, and so he goes to the club every night after supper and smokes there."—Tid-Bits.

Afar Off.

He—Don't you think I'm rawther good looking?

She—In a way.

He—What kind of a way?

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A Bad Feeling.

Kammerer—How do you feel when a man strikes you?

Mammerer—I feel for him.—Puck.

Could Sleep Right Through.

"Does your wife talk in her sleep?"

"No; but she frequently does in mine."—Puck.

Science Causerie.

Causes of the Aurora.

All storms are disturbed natural forces seeking equilibrium. Winds represent unequal atmospheric temperature and pressure in the effort to equalize again, and when this is accomplished there is quiescence until this equilibrium is again too much disturbed. Lightning and thunder are the phenomena that represent the disturbed electrical forces again regaining normal relationship, which, when once established, insures tranquility until another ebulition comes with similar consequences. A magnetic storm, better known as the aurora borealis, is simply the exhibition that attends the restoration of the disturbed magnetic forces of a given area, and is generally found attendant to a sudden change of temperature, either from cold to warm, or warm to cold, preferably the latter. Unlike winds or thunder and lightning, which are equally recognizable in the day time or night time, and the first mentioned, during cloudy as well as in clear weather, this exhibition is only seen on a clear night, though the forces may be at work at any time.

Only when the disturbance is much greater than usual, when the magnetic currents poleward are greatly interfered with, is the storm of such magnitude as to be visible. We may consider the equatorial belt as the magnetic "divide" over which an auroral display would necessarily be very unusual, if not altogether impossible.

The magnetic current there receives its initial impulse, or rather, its impulse, which is really from the sun, there finds its initial effect, and, having the entire circumference of the globe, and consequently being most unconcentrated, is least liable to disturbance.

But, as from all sides the current travels poleward, it more and more concentrates, until a latitude is reached where an occasional storm is manifested, and this tendency increases until, as we go within the polar circles, the long polar nights are one continuous luminous display of almost indescribable grandeur. The same thing is going on during the long polar day, but is, of course, invisible.

The Gold Cure.

The London Lancet publishes the proceedings and debate which took place at a meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety," on the subject of the Bichloride of Gold Cure, the headquarters of which are at Dwight, Ill., and the high priest of which is Dr. Keeley. The chairman of the meeting said that a project was on foot to start the bichloride of gold business in England on a large scale, a syndicate having been formed to raise £250,000 as a working capital. The society has thus been induced to look into the subject. The first thing done was to procure a bottle of Keeley remedy and analyze it. The analysis showed that it contained no gold and no chlorides. It consisted of water 61 per cent, sugar 6 per cent, alcohol 27 per cent, together with some mineral salts, principally lime. The whole decoction was a liquor as intoxicating as port or sherry. Dr. Usher, of Melbourne, Australia, described a visit that he made to Dr. Frick, Coke Co., Conn." So you can see this trouble is not so much a question of wages, but of union or no union. (How is this for protection?)

Now, Mr. Editor, this is the candid truth. I am a steel worker, though I have not worked for this firm for the past seven years, but have lived in this town for eleven years—since the mill was built. Have always voted the Republican ticket. Am a subscriber for your paper, and enjoy reading your editorials. But please, in fairness to the laboring man, do not misrepresent the truth. I would like you to publish this as coming from a Homestead man; it may have some weight for the truth of it. Any right thinking man can see it is not the fault of protection that these troubles occur, but it is the greedy, grasping hand of the capitalist.

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Astronomical Researches.

By means of the spectrocope and the photograph the recesses of the celestial world, millions of miles distant from the earth, are brought within the grasp of the astronomer for careful and minute observation. Photographs show that the nebula in Andromeda—a whirlpool of luminous matter—divided into dark and bright rings surrounding a large, undefined central mass, is a gigantic solar system in the way of formation, indicating a similar origin, on a much smaller scale of our own solar system. Photographs of the Pleiades also show that this cluster of suns is not an occasional gathering. The stars are simply spots upon which the diffuse nebulous matter has agglomerated and condensed to make new suns. The same is true of the nebulae in Orion. It has likewise been revealed that the nebula in Argus has altered considerably in the last 50 years. At a place where Herschel saw one of its brightest parts there is now a dark, oval space. The matter has either been drawn elsewere or is luminous no more. A new star in Auriga, rapidly passing through a series of transformations reveals the secret of the birth of new suns. These discoveries demonstrate the continuous life of nature, its constant change and evolution.

New Electrical Facts.

In the realm of electricity recent investigations have confirmed the suspected connection between electricity, magnetism, light and radiant heat. They have also given a new impulse to speculations as to the structure of matter altogether and the modes of transmission of energy. Professor Hertz, an eminent German investigator, by an ingenious contrivance termed a reflecting board, discovered that electrical waves are transmitted through the air exactly as luminous or sound vibrations are, and that electricity is propagated like heat and light at some measurable speed. In his experiments the professor produced discharges at the rate of 30,000,000 times in a second in order to measure the distances at which electrical waves followed each other. Electro-magnectic waves act very much as light does, some bodies transmitting and others reflecting them. A plate of zinc acts upon them as a mirror and sends them back, but they pass through a wooden door just as light does through glass. It is also probable that magnetism obeys in its transmission the same laws as electricity, but that the direction of its vibrations is perpendicular to the line of transmission of the electric waves.

A Western Epitaph.

An unknown man lies buried here,
Whose name was probably Davidge
From papers found upon his clothes,
Slain by the lordly savage.
We found him by his broken gun,
His hands gripped round the stock yet,
A good big lead mine in his head,
But no gold in his pocket—
Only a well thumbed deck of cards
All blackened on their faces,
With kings and queens in duplicate,
And thirteen extra aces.
—Harlem Life.

A Common-Sense Remedy.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

THE SAULT CANAL.

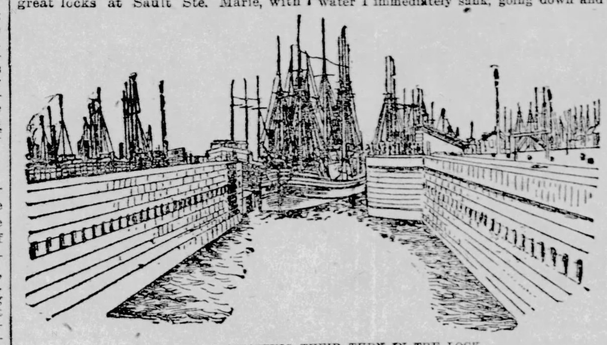
The Trouble Between Canada and the United States—Important Facts Concerning the Canals.

A great many people are asking just now what the "Retaliation bill" is, and why it should be necessary to pass one, and what all this talk about the canals and waterways, and the various privileges upon them, may have for its ultimate aim.

Everybody knows what a magnificent system of natural waterways stretches between the Dominion and the United States, constituting, as it were, a vast frontier, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence river to Duluth, "the zenith city of the unsalted seas." Here and there canals are necessary for completing this system, and of these the United States has constructed two and the Dominion two.

Under the treaty of Washington it is expressly stipulated that the Canadian government shall allow the use of all the Dominion canals to citizens of the United States "on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion." It is also naturally agreed that this government shall permit the use of its canals by Canadians on terms of equality with citizens of this country.

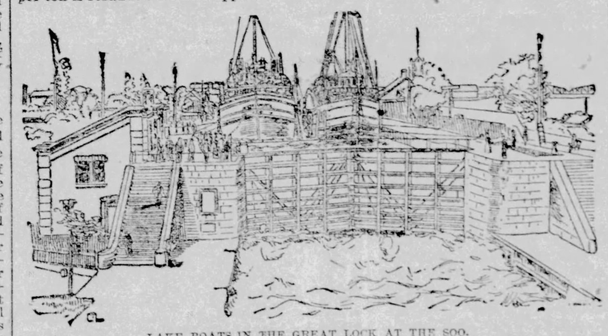
Uncle Samuel carries out his part of this solemn agreement perfectly. The American canals which open the way between the great lakes are entirely free. They cost the taxpayers about $350,000 per annum, and there is no service anywhere which is better administered, or of which an American citizen may justly be more proud. The great locks at Sault Ste. Marie, with



LAKE CRAFT AWAITING THEIR TURN IN THE LOCK.

their little army of uniformed employes, and the endless procession of huge lake craft passing through night and day, from April to December, afford one of the most remarkable sights in America. No vexatious system of tolls is imposed upon the fifty or sixty vessels which pass through these locks every day. The ore barges bringing iron and copper from Lake Superior to the smelting works at Cleveland, and the large and splendid steamships of the Canadian Pacific railway, have exactly the same privileges.

The Canadian canals, and notably the Welland, which cost several millions of dollars, are supported by tolls on vessels passing through. Now, it is clear that under the treaty Canada has a right to exact from citizens of the United States no more than she takes from Canadians. By means of a rebate the Canadians establish a discrimination against the United States which is so injurious that it is strange that it should have been so long protested against in vain. Twenty cents per ton, for instance, is levied on both Canadian and American cargoes, but if a barge after passing through the canal goes to a Canadian port to be discharged for export, no less than 18 cents per ton is refunded to the shipper. This



LAKE BOATS IN THE GREAT LOCK AT THE SOO.

is little short of an outrage, and it is a curious instance of Canadian impudence. Whenever Canadians have been questioned about this they have said: "Uncle Sam will not notice it, and why should we not do it if he doesn't care to protest?"

A recent measure taken by Canada indicated that the nibblers were getting much bolder, and doubtless had something to do with precipitating the retaliatory measures. It was the ingenious way in which the Canadian government levied toll on coal passing from one of our ports to another, through a Canadian canal. The regular rate on coal was a canal tax of 20 cents per ton, whether going north or south. After this had gone on so long that it no longer attracted any attention, the Canadians slyly issued an order reducing the duty on coal coming down, i. e., for Canadian ports, to 10 cents per ton, leaving the tax rate on for the northern shipments going to American ports. A more flagrant violation of the treaty was never heard of. Other instances might be added.

A careful review of the situation could dictate no other policy than that which has been followed. Canada has her outlet to the sea by the noble St. Lawrence river in summer, and by her railroads which have termini on American soil, during those seasons when the St. Lawrence is closed. She makes free use of our canals and charges us for hers, and confidently trusts that we will allow her to plunder us and at the same time allow her uninterruptedly to pursue her policy of making herself independent of us as rapidly as possible. The new retaliation bill enables the United States to treat to much better advantage than heretofore with Great Britain when Canada is concerned. It will also permit this country to demonstrate the hollowness of the Tory pretensions that they can get along without us. They will dig their own canal at Sault Ste. Marie, they will close the Welland canal against us, and then we shall be obliged to make terms with them! Thus they talk, and thus they apparently believe. "The United States cannot build a new St. Lawrence," they say. No; but it can extend the authority of retaliation by the President upon the Canadian railroads with termini in this country. The movement against the canals is even said to be part of a plan for checking the light buccaneering of these provincial railroads.

If Canada wishes commercial war she can have it. If she desires to avoid it, she has only to stop her unjust discrimination against American shipping. The way in which these facts have been brought home to her apprehension has not tended to sweeten her temper, as American travelers who have been in Canada recently can testify. Some of the Canadian journals are quite warlike in tone. One bellicose scribe proposes that Canada should assert her rights in the St. Clair Flats canal. He scoffs at the "delusion" of the United States government that it has power to exclude Canadian vessels from that canal. "This route through the flats as certainly, he adds, "cut out by Americans, but through Canadian territory, and our government should at once assert its ownership. If our neighbors close the Sault canal we must retaliate by closing the Welland and St. Clair Flats canal." When things reach this point the railroad retaliation feature will probably be brought forward.

The main interest for the moment in this important question centers around Sault Ste. Marie, the pictesque region where once the Chippeway Indians were powerful, and where the Hudson Bay post and the cross of the missionary were the principal signs of civilization until about sixty years ago. Saint Mary's strait or river is the connecting link between Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and also forms the boundary between Ontario in Canada and the upper peninsula of Michigan. A little more than a mile below Lake Superior's outlet are the rapids whence comes the name of the "Sault" which the French coureurs des bois and missionaries gave it, and which has been metamorphized on Western lips to the "Soo." Below the rapids the strait expands and becomes a huge lake, dotted with islands, and exquisitely lovely.

To accommodate the pressing trade of the lakes the state of Michigan completed a canal around these rapids of the "Sault," or Soo, about forty years ago. The first canal was 100 feet wide at the surface, with 12 feet depth, and had one lock 370 feet long and 70 feet wide. In course of time it became necessary to enlarge this, giving increased depth, and the present lock has 16 feet of water on the sills, while the new one in process of construction alongside it will have 18 feet depth and will be nearly 800 feet long. Away across the broad rapids the Canadians have for years been busily building a canal of their own. Lately it has languished, but now the government will be asked to advance the $250,000 necessary for its completion, and the work will go on.

When these three canals, two on the American side and one on the Canadian, are in operation, the Soo will furnish one of the most original and interesting spectacles in all America. It is the proud boast of the one lock at present so creditably managed by our government that more vessels pass through it annually than through the famous Suez canal. What will the number be a quarter of a century hence?

HOW IT FEELS TO DROWN.

A Woman Who Tried Describes the Varied Sensations.

"To prevent any person from interfering with my design, I jumped into the river late in the afternoon last Friday," said a St. Louis woman. "No one appeared to be about at the time. When I struck the water I immediately sank, going down and down, and yet being carried forward until I thought I would never again arise.

A sound roared through my head—it seemed to me it would burst. I opened my mouth and attempted to breathe, being unable to endure the pressure longer, but the water rushed in and I closed my mouth. I was again compelled to open it. More water entered. The feeling was horrible.

"Just when I thought all was over I reached the surface of the water about 50 feet from the shore and 100 feet from where I had jumped in. Nearby was a steamboat on which stood a man with a long pole with an iron hook on the end. It took only a second to see those things, and, in fact, I had just time to get one breath when I again sank, with my mouth open.

My past life flashed before me, and I was again a child. The picture of my father and mother stood out in bold relief. I reached out my hand to them. The roaring of the waters sounded like the sweetest of music. Suddenly I saw light and thought I was in Paradise. A large green field covered with roses and other flowers, whose fragrance I could smell, came in view.

"I felt as if I was being borne up by some winged messenger whom I could not see, but whose presence I could feel.

"I remembered nothing more until I felt a rough jerk. My rescuer had succeeded in fastening the boat hook in my clothing. As my body was being pulled from out of the water the picture changed; instead of Paradise, the place in which the devil dwells, with all its fires and swarming with hideous red-dressed creatures and other things presented themselves in my mind, only to again disappear and leave me in darkness.

"When I came to I was surprised to learn I had been unconscious. Every muscle in my body pained me, but my brain was perfectly clear. Drowning, after the first stages are past, is pleasant."

WARNER AND STONE.

The Two Opposing Candidates for Governor of Missouri.

The two principal candidates in Missouri are Major William Warner, Republican, and W. J. Stone, Democratic candidate for governor. Both are strong in political following. Warner is one of the most prominent lawyers in the state, and was the leading attorney in the prosecution of Frank James, the bandit. He served two terms in Congress from the Fifth Missouri district, and was later chosen grand commander of the G. A. R.

Ex-Congressman W. J. Stone, candidate for governor of Missouri, was born May 7, 1848, in Madison county, Ky.

WILLIAM WARNER. W. J. STONE.

He came to Missouri in 1868, and in 1872 was elected prosecuting attorney of Nevada, Mo.

In 1884 Mr. Stone was nominated and elected to the Forty-ninth Congress from the Twelfth district of Missouri. He served three terms in succession in Congress. In 1890 he declined to be renominated to Congress. Though not a candidate for any office that year, he made over 30 speeches in Missouri, and several other states. His record in Congress was excellent. He took a prominent part in the passage of the law by which the railroad land grants made 25 years ago were forfeited, and the land restored to the people.

Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. One has been cured of indigestion and dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache, others report remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum and other blood diseases, still others will tell you that it overcomes "that tired feeling," and so on. Truly, the best advertising which Hood's Sarsaparilla receives is the hearty endorsement of the army of friends it has won by its positive medicinal merit.

The Lawn-Mower Fiend.

'Tis now the jolly time of year,
The agricultural blower
With eye that's strained and back's that bent
Doth work the new lawn-mower.

And as he strikes a hidden snag,
He takes a double ender
And then his wife cries out: "There, John,
There goes your new suspender."
—Cloak Review.

A Fair Equivalent.

Jess—I don't believe in long engagements, do you?

Bess—No; still my rule is to make it three months—for solitaire.—N. Y. Herald.

OUR BABY COUSIN.

Have you seen our baby cousin?
Don't you think she looks a pet?
Can you guess her name, I wonder—
Is she May or Margaret?
Is she Dorothy or Daisy,
Winifred or Kate or Jess?
Never mind, dears, I will tell you—
For I see you cannot guess.
Little baby's name is Gladys,
And she's quite a pet of ours,
Here comes Ethel, bringing baby
Such a lovely bunch of flowers.
Brother Bertie will not tease her,
But his toys he'll gently show—
Anything he'll do to please her;
Oh, we love our Gladys so!
Sweet it is to take dear Dolly
For an airing in the sun;
But our baby cousin's dearer
Than our dollies, every one!
—Exchange.

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

A Pen-Portrait of the New Cabinet Officer's Wife.

Mrs. John W. Foster is just now as interesting a figure as her husband, who drew the lucky position over in the State department the other day. There is much reason for congratulation in the Cabinet circle—(a kind of Presidential family)—that both the new secretary and his wife will fill the position with dignity and be socially a success, says a Washington correspondent.

Mrs. Foster is of medium height, plump yet trim in figure, with a pleasant face and hair slightly tinged with gray. Her manners are quiet and without assumption. She is a grandmother and her daughters, Mrs. Lansing and Mrs.

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

Dulles are both residents of Watertown, N. Y. Once a year they visit their honored parents, when the house on I street echoes to the patter of little feet and the voices of merry children. Mrs. Lansing's children are there now while their parents are at the Adirondacks.

Mary Parke McFerson was born in Salem, Ind., and during her childhood was a resident in the family of her uncle, Dr. Read, who was a professor of languages in the Indiana university. Here, when ten years old, she first met her future husband, John W. Foster, who was a student in this institution, where he was graduated.

Their mutual attraction dated from that time, although the little miss was sent to Glendale Female college, near Cincinnati, to be educated. They were eventually married at Gleudale, O.

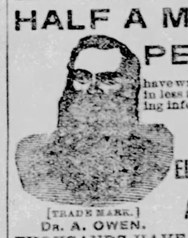
Mrs. John W. Foster is one of the charter members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Harrison is president. She is one of its active members on the national board of management.

All Around.

She—Do you think Penelope will suit him?

He—Yes, she'll have to—and feed him and shoe him, too.—New York Herald.

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE



have written to Dr. A. Owen in less than two years, seeking information about

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES.

[TRADE MARK.]
DR. A. OWEN.
THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CURED by them when all other means had failed.
OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE contains fullest information, list of diseases, cuts of belts and appliances, prices, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This valuable catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Trusses will be sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company
MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY,
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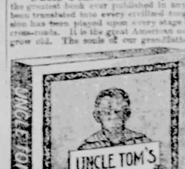
201-211 State Street, corner Adams, CHICAGO, ILL.
New York Office, 826 Broadway.
THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Free! UNCLE TOM'S CABIN! Free!



"Uncle Tom's Cabin," by HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, is the greatest book ever published in any land or language. It has been translated into every civilized tongue, and the dramatic version has been played upon every stage in city, village and country cross-roads. It is the great human story that will never grow old. The souls of our grandfathers and grandmothers were stirred to the depths by the tragic scenes depicted in the book; they helped at the anti-slavery meetings, and felt in their own souls the agony of the poor slave. Their children have been made familiar with the story, and have been taught to love the following generations of readers. Fourteen Cents in postage stamps will bring you "The Illustrated Home Gucst" Three Months, and for each

Free copy additional subscription, printed in large, clear type on fine paper, enclosed and unsolicited. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The ILLUSTRATED HOME GUEST" is a large 16 page, 56 column paper, filled with stories by the best authors; sketches, poems, useful miscellany, Household Hints, Fashion Notes, Humorous Department, and everything to delight and entertain the whole family circle. We want to secure 10,000 new subscribers at once, having plenty of room in the publishing house. Take advantage of it at once—don't put it off, as this advertisement may not appear again. If you like the paper after receiving it three months (as we feel sure you will), we will refund the 14 cents and make him for her a present of both book and paper. As to our reliability we refer to the Publishers of this paper. We have been in business for ourselves, as we have been established nearly 30 years and are well known. Five subscriptions and five copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be sent for one dollar. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 106 Reade Street, New York.

25 FREE No Money Required.

Cut this out and send it with your name and address, and we will send you, postpaid, a beautiful watch by express for your examination. If you think it is worth $25 and find it as represented, pay the express agent $2.50 and it is yours. Otherwise you are not to pay a cent, nor are you under any obligation to buy. We take all the risk. We have no space to explain here, but if you write us we will tell you how we can afford to do this. Only one watch will be sold to one person at this rate. Address, THE NATIONAL WATCH & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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AGENTS—$300 made monthly selling our A New Cutlery Specialty. Write for terms, Clauss Shear Co., Fremont, Ohio, U. S. A.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

DR Locke

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $5,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo BLADE Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, using, however, a little lighter quality of paper to decrease the cost of postage; and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Recipes" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—except that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since they were written, and the statements of those chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly BLADE, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can only be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this edition of "Nasby in Exile" will be fully equal to a copy of the first edition, formerly sold for $3.50. The illustrations, the setup of reading matter (except that referring to Irish politics), and exactly the same, are finally published.

To give an idea of what the book is, we give the table of contents and list of illustrations, all of which are in the volume as now being printed:

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The Household

HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING.

Miss Emily S. Bouton, Editor.

HOME TALKS.

SLAVES OF FASHION.

Mr. Flower's Pamphlet—Funny Illustrations—Business Training for Girls—Prepare Them as Carefully as Are the Boys.

I wish everybody could read a little pamphlet entitled "Fashion's Slaves," by Mr. Flower, the editor of the Arena, published by the Arena company and carefully study the plentiful illustrations therein of woman's dress for the last thirty years. We are very apt to think that absurd things belong to an older time. We plume ourselves upon having made such great progress in sanitary conditions and in hygiene as to preclude any great departure from sensible arrangements in our clothing; and yet it is a fact that women have made less progress in the way that they clothe themselves, considered from an aesthetic, hygienic, and ethical point of view, than in any other direction. There have been lectures innumerable; dress reformers have beaten at the door of popular opinion by articles in papers and magazines but have failed to obtain anything more than a hearing from those they have desired to benefit. It is true that within the last half decade there has been a little improvement, a stronger desire expressed to do something to escape from the bonds which fashion has imposed upon the sex.

Mr. Flower has written here truths which have been uttered before, time and again, it is true, but which need saying many times more and by such a strong pen as he wields. He opens his paper with a declaration of the importance to civilization of dress reform, and says that the fact of this question being taken up at the last session of the International Council of Women is a prophecy pregnant of a promise of a substantial and enduring reform. This he declares was the most significant and authoritative utterance from united womanhood that has yet been made touching a problem which most vitally affects future progress.

Mr. Flower quotes from many of the best thinkers among women who have deprecated in the most earnest manner the present conventional way of dressing, and what is far more important, that slavery to fashion which makes women accept artificial standards and conditions that prevent their doing the best work of which they are capable.

One can not look at the illustrations in this pamphlet without feeling the utter absurdity of the styles exhibited. Take for instance, the hoop-skirt era from 1860 to 1865, when women appeared for all the world as if they were standing in dressed-up hogsheads. From 1870 to 1875 was the era of the enormous bustle and the train of sweeping dimensions. Of course every feminine made just such an absurd looking creature of herself, but it is so funny now to see these representations that one can hardly feel that it is possible the majority of women were so foolish. In 1878 and 1879 we have the tie-back, the narrow skirts and enormous trains. Back in 1860 these would have been considered indecent, but in the 80's they were perfectly proper. The difference of the two is something ludicrous. In 1886 came the pullback with the large bustle and voluminous draperies. Any sensible woman examining these pictures, which are in no sense caricatures, but absolute representations of the styles that have reigned within a decade and a half, must feel that the progress which has been made by women was made in spite of hindrances that were no trifles. It has, indeed, been a slavery entailing as injurious consequences as any other that ever existed.

The thought, spoken or unspoken, of women is, writes Mr. Flower, "That it is their mission to be beautiful." Strange that they can not also appreciate the fact that it is their mission to elevate the world through their own perfect womanhood; and this can only be perfected when they are strong, physically, mentally and morally.

While the dark side of this question is still at the front, the shadows are really, as Mr. Flower shows, becoming less dense. The unity of thought among so large a number of the intelligent women of the country will undoubtedly lead to concerted action toward some clearly defined ideal, and this must bring a reform. There is seen some evidence of progress already in the fact of the gymnasiums and outdoor games which have become so popular, in the hygienic instruction in schools, and in the comfortable wearing apparel for morning which has recently become quite fashionable among the ladies of New York and Boston. This dress is simply a comfortable blouse, worn over what are called knickerbockers, which are loose trousers. If a caller appears, a teagown can be assumed in short order. Undoubtedly if this costume be held to by the leaders in the social world it will be adopted by women generally for home wear, and what a blessing it will bring to the busy housekeepers who do their own work and who have been for so long trammeled by the skirts of their dresses and the petticoats that must be worn beneath them.

Mr. Flower concludes his pamphlet as follows: "Believing as I do that the cycle of woman has dawned, and that through her humanity will reach a higher and nobler civilization than the world has yet known, I feel the most profound interest in all that affects her health, comfort and happiness; for, as I have before observed, her exaltation means the elevation of the race. A broader liberty and more liberal meed of justice for her mean a higher civilization, and the solution of weighty and fundamental problems which will never be equitably adjusted until we have brought into political and social life more of the splendid spirit of altruism, which is one of her most conspicuous characteristics. I believe that morality, education, practical reform and enduring progress wait upon her complete emancipation from the bondage of fashion, prejudice, superstition and conservatism." EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats.

While this intensely hot weather is very hard for any one to endure, it is especially trying for babies and little children. They cry and fret and are often times considered very cross, when they are feeling so uncomfortable and are so utterly unable to help themselves.

Little children suffer more, really, than older people do, because they can not take advantage of the coolest places about the house, but must stay wherever they are put. Sometimes they are made more uncomfortable by the mistaken kindness of the nurse, who will hold them all day (and all night, if she thinks it necessary), making herself tired and much warmer by so doing, forgetting that the heat of her arms and hands and clothing adds to the already superabundant heat of the child.

Another idea that some mothers have is, that if the child's arms and neck are exposed that it will be cooler; on the contrary, a light covering will serve to keep off the heat as well as a protection from flies and other insects. Flannel worn next to the body is cooler than cotton. If the skin is so sensitive that the flannel injures it, as is often the case, a thin garment of linen or mull, could be worn between the skin and the flannel, but the danger from sudden changes is much less when flannel is worn. Babies should be fed at regular hours, and given cold water to drink as often as they desire it. It will not hurt them if the water has been boiled and then cooled, and many times it is all they need to soothe them when they are fretting. Water in which oatmeal has been soaked for an hour, and then strained, is an excellent drink for children.

Give them a quilt, spread on the floor, and let them roll around on it as they please, dressed for comfort only. A hammock, fitted up with a light quilt and a pillow made of paper, torn in fine strips, or cut into bits, is much more comfortable for baby's bed than anything else, as it allows a free circulation of air all around, and the child will be more rested than when sleeping in a bed.

Don't doctor the poor children to death. If they do not seem well, try some little simple home remedies at first, and many times these will be all you need. If your family physician is as good as he ought to be, and probably is, he will give you some remedies for the usual illness of children, that you can keep in the house to use when necessary, and it is a great comfort to the mother of a family to know she has such remedies, even if she does not need to use them.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Cover of Chamois—Get a skin of medium size unless you desire a very large cover, and one of medium tint. When purchasing, hold it up to the light to be sure that it is even in thickness and of even color. A rather light color is better than the darker if you are going to paint upon it. Water colors are better to use than the oils as the latter catch the dust, and also make the skin hard. Before beginning to draw the design, press the smooth side of the skin over lightly with a rather cool iron. Then draw a design upon it of any conventionalized flower that is pretty. Paint the leaves and flowers of the color that they are naturally making the painting rather bold and without the delicate shading that would be used on other materials. After painting follow the edges round with twist silk couched down with gilt thread. A very pretty way is to draw circles upon the skin, say three or four as liked, and then put small patterns on the inside of the circles. Finish them as already described and then connect them with the silk, couched down in the spider web fashion. Cut out when this is finished the parts of the skin outside of the flowers and under the web. This makes a very handsome decoration. If desired a large circle can be put in the center worked in this way and a border around it to match the center and without the web leaving the solid background.

The circles themselves must be clearly defined either by working them with heavy buttonhole stitch or with a heavier cord couched down upon it. It may be better to do the web work before the ornaments are painted and defined.

Photograph Frames.—These may be home-made of various shapes and of a variety of materials. Very pretty ones are cut out of pasteboard, covered with silk, either plain and hand decorated, or figured. Three or four of the same shape, either round or square in outline, with the center cut out for the picture to be shoved under may be fastened to two ribbons and then suspended upon the walls. There is room for the exercise of a great deal of taste in this direction.

Brush Case.—Take a plate, lay it upside down on a piece of pasteboard and mark around it with a pencil. Then cut it out and cover it with cretonne or plush, basting it with long stitches on the wrong side and short ones on the right. Now cut two stripes of pasteboard an inch and a half wide, just long enough to slip the brush through after they are sewed on. Sew them on in the shape of a loop near the center of the round piece and about three inches apart. The loops should be covered with the same as the round piece. Use a small sized plate to cut them by. They may be left plain or decorated in any way you choose. Two of them hanging over the commode or dressing case are both useful and pretty. A small loop should be sewed to the top to hang it by. One is used for the clothes brush, the other one for the hair brush.—Hawkeye.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; n, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—ch, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbel crochet; c st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Fancy Pattern, (Knotted).—Make the number of stitches divisible by 9. 1st round—Over—sl 1—k 2 tog—pass slipped stitch over. Repeat. 2d round—o—k1—k 2 in 1—one twist and one plain in the same stitch.) Repeat. 3d round—o—k 3. Repeat. 4th round—k 3—o—k 3—o—k 4. Repeat. 5th round—Always k 2 tog. 6th round—plain. Repeat from the beginning.

Crocheted Border.—This border is suitable for trimming cotton dresses, petticoats and many garments. To work the first curve, make 30 chains and unite in a circle. Under this circle work 20 d c stitches as closely together as possible, 1 ch. Turn on reverse side, work another row of d c on the last row, 1 ch. Last row: turn on reverse side, work 8 d c, a picot of 4 ch, then 3 d c, and continue until 5 picots are made, ending with 3 d c. For the second curve, make a chain of 20 stitches d c on the top of second picot of last curve, now work this curve as the last, and continue till the required length. For the edge, make a row of chain stitches, and in doing this refer to the engraving, and work double d c stitches to catch up the picots where seen in the engraving. Then a last row of 1 long (treble), 2 ch, miss 2 ch, and repeat.

Correspondence.

"Uncertainty" seems to be in a state of mind that is rather difficult to decide to her satisfaction, but my dear sister in the world, do not marry any man just for a home, when you can make one for yourself. In this state, Oregon, teachers have plenty to do, and I am acquainted with a good many of them. Some have purchased small houses and fitted them up as their means permitted, and one in particular has used her spare money in the buying of county bonds, which are not taxable, and thus secured something to depend upon. Marriages for a home are seldom a success, and we have no extra years provided in our lives for experiments, and you will some time meet with the man God intended for you, and, again, if you never do join your life with some one of the opposite sex, it is all right. You likely know of women who have lived noble lives, and stood for themselves. I know that I have not lived in vain, but do not, please, think I am an old maid. I am not. God gave me as good a husband as usually falls to the lot of woman, 24 years ago, you perceive I know what I am saying. I am not in the habit of answering the inquiries in the Household, but felt like saying a little, after reading the Blade of the 7th.—Oregon.

A Chapter on Lace Hats and Bonnets.—There are doubtless a great many who live in out of the way places, who are still unprovided with a lace hat or bonnet. One can easily make hat or bonnet frames from broom wire, of the most popular shapes. They can be easily followed. Where the wires cross each other wind with thread and tie securely. The frames can be covered with cloth, or painted. The latter is the easiest; for black hats paint black, and for colored or white ones they can be painted with diamond gold or silver paints. A small toque can be covered with netting, crepe, chiffon or with two ruffles of lace edging. It should have either a rosette of lace at the back, or wired bows of lace or ribbon. A border of fine jet is pretty, and the flowers should be placed at the back. Strings can be used or not. A large flat hat should be covered with shirred netting or lace. A wreath around the crown is pretty on this. The crown can be made by using a large round piece put on to form a Tam O'Shanter effect. Loops of ribbon or lace and flowers are pretty stood up at the back, and long streamers of ribbons to hang down the back, add to the effect. This hat is especially pretty for young ladies, and can be made of wash blond, Swiss muslin, mull or China silk. It can be made in white or colors. If one cannot get colors they can dye the netting or mull with diamond dyes. A lovely one made for a garden party, was made of mull dyed a delicate green. A ruffle of narrow white lace finished the edge. Stiffly wired bows of mull and soft rosettes of white netting formed the trimming, together with natural oats, painted with gold paint. Another style has a high trimming in front, and flat bows and ties at the back. A young lady friend has a lovely white lace toque for evening wear, and (let me whisper) she trims it with natural flowers. The stems go under the lace and are wrapped in wet cotton and tin foil. They last an evening nicely, and as she does not have to purchase them, it is inexpensive.—Jean Hunt.

Correspondence Clippings.

A teacher wishes to know how to spend a vacation. I take it this teacher is a lady, but if I am mistaken it is no matter. A friend of mine, who was a teacher, joined with some friends and took a tent and provisions and books, also fancy work, and went camping, and enjoyed herself ever so much, but you must take a generous supply of catables, as one when living out doors is very hungry. Sometimes they take turns cooking, and if it is a large party, they club together to have a cook, but they all agree it is fine fun, and good for the health. The expenses for such a trip, unless one goes a long distance, are not very great, and now when so much food is put up in such tempting and palatable ways, one need not be at loss as to what to get already prepared, at such reasonable prices.—Oregon.

The bell skirt is a blessing to those who desire to make a new dress out of an old one. It requires but five yards of cambric lining to cut a forty-inch skirt. A plain house dress was lately made from a sage green Mother Hubbard. There were six widths of 22-inch goods in it, and it had full sleeves. There was also a yard of new goods. As it was an ugly color, and very streaked (it was half cotton serge), it was dyed a deep plum color, with diamond plum dye, which is equally good for cotton or wool. A plain bell skirt was made and trimmed with three rows of inch-wide black braid, which had done duty upon a flannel dress. The bottom of the skirt was plainly bound. Then it was laid in a plain backy and the fronts had three folds, each side of the hems. A four-inch strip of the goods was pleated and sewed in the arm's eye, from the shoulder seam to the under arm seam, forming a jacket effect. A turned-down collar was formed of pleating. The sleeves were made quite full, and were trimmed at the wrist with rows of braid. A pointed girdle of the goods finished the waist. I should advise every one who does their own cooking to buy a bell skirt pattern. Either have a good dressmaker cut one or send to some reliable pattern dealer.—Jean Hunt.

In the name of many ladies who live away from all knowledge of what is the fashion, I write to ask if some of the wise women of our Household will not tell us what we would need for a three-months' trip, taking in the Columbian Exposition, while we were away. We desire to be well and suitably dressed, but do not care to have any extra baggage to bother us. How many dresses, etc., of what material, and how made would be needed for a middle-aged woman and two daughters of 10 and 12 years?—Mrs. M. B. McC.

It is the fashion in our neighborhood for the young people to "camp out," for two or three weeks at a time. They usually take some elderly person along with them for propriety, they say, but she is most of the time busy with housework and cooking that has to be done, and the young folks are fishing and boating and walking by themselves, and are much more familiar than I think is right. My girls feel badly because I won't let them go, and the other mothers say I am wrong to be so particular with my children, for they are no better than the others. I would like to hear from some of the Household on the subject. —House Mother.

Inquiries.

Will Jean Hunt please tell us what she uses for the soles of those slippers? —Hawkeye.

Can any one send a remedy for tumors?—Mrs. L. O. B.

Will some one tell me how to prevent syrup from turning back to sugar again and becoming hard in the bottom of the dish?—Constant Reader.

First—What way would a farmer's wife and daughter be benefited by belonging to a society where their husband and father belongs, and where they spend a part of a working day in literary work, vocal and instrumental music, and a good time in general, they not having the privilege of going anywhere else with them? Second—Why are some husbands more pleasant away from home than at home?—Reader of The Blade.

Would like a cure for the tetter on the scalp.—Mountain Flower.

Will Jean Hunt, or some one else, tell me how to clean a white lawn suit, embroidered in delicate colored silks? The pink, blue, etc., fade and run.—Mrs. A. P. Brown.

Can any one tell me if I can dye, successfully, with black diamond dye, an old beaver cloak; also one of diagonal cloth, the warp of both being cotton? and would like some instructions about pressing.—A. M. P.

Answers to Inquiries.

Eva Strickland:—We have said repeatedly that we cannot insert advertisements in the Household, and it is very doubtful if it would be of any use to you in this instance should we do so, as there are many others who are working for the same result as you are. —Ed.

Hoosier May:—Descriptions of articles for House Decoration of Fancy Work, and good recipes, will be very welcome whenever you can send them. —Ed.

Mary Carville:—To cure salt rheum, make a strong tea of burdock root, by slicing the root crosswise and pouring boiling hot water on it. Let it boil slowly for two hours, strain and drink a pint every day for six weeks, or longer if you need it. I have cured myself with this.—Mountain Flower.

H. C. W.:—The ring is placed upon the third finger of the bride's left hand by the groom, at a point in the ceremony that will be indicated by the clergyman. Some times the "best" man keeps the ring until it is time for the groom to give it to the bride, or the groom has it in his vest pocket where he can get it easily, and sometimes he forgets where he put it, as my brother-in-law did when he was married, and the minister had to wait until he had remembered that he had slipped it on his own little finger, so as to have it real handy, before he could proceed with the ceremony.—Jeannette.

Grasshopper:—Tie your ears back against your head, with a wide ribbon, or strip of muslin, at night, and it will, after a time, prevent their projecting so much. Second, try anointing your eye-lashes with vaseline, and have some friend clip the ends of them once a month. Third, if you give your hair from twenty to fifty strokes with a hair brush night and morning, and keep it covered when you are out of doors, it will become soft and glossy.—Alison.

Vulcan:—A colicky baby must be kept warm, avoiding all changes in temperature. During the paroxysms, put the child's feet in a basin of hot water and place clothes wrung from hot water over the bowels and if the attack is very severe a full hot bath will often give relief. Avoid giving opiates; in mild cases, a few teaspoonfuls of hot water gives relief, or a little catnip tea, or peppermint essence, one drop in six teaspoonfuls of hot water, often relieves the child. Feed slowly.—Mrs. R.

K. M. Whitehorn:—We live in an apple country and we soak the parings and cores in a little water for about three days and strain in to a stone jar behind the stove, and if we have just a few we put a little water on them and put them on the back of the stove a short time, then strain into a jar. Also, we use the rinsings from the jelly pans, and when no fruit is available, we simply sweeten some water and pour into our jar, and by filling in a little at a time as we use it out we have all the vinegar we want to use. It is so strong sometimes as to nearly strangle one.—Oregon.

Recipes.

Iced Tomatoes.—Scald and peel small, smooth tomatoes, and place them on ice until needed. Serve whole, with French salad dressing.

Tomato Butter.—For 20 lbs. of tomatoes use 8 lbs. sugar; 4 lbs. sour apples; juice of 4 lemons, and 1 tablespoonful of powdered ginger. Scald the tomatoes, and remove the skins. Then cook them with the pared, cored and quartered apples for 1 hour. Then add the sugar, lemon juice and ginger. Cook slowly until it is thick; put in tumblers, cover with two thicknesses of tissue paper, wet the top with white of an egg, and when dry place in a cool, dark place to keep. This is a most delicious substitute for butter for sandwiches.

Delmonico Potatoes.—Chop very fine 4 cold boiled potatoes; put them in a sauce pan with 1-2 pt. of cream, 1-2 teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir until very hot, then turn into a baking dish, cover with grated bread crumbs and bake in a quick oven until brown. This is a good way of cooking potatoes for dinner in hot weather, as they may be prepared some time before they are needed, and it will need but a few moments to heat them.

A Nice Way to Use Cold Chicken or Turkey.—Melt 1 tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, add to it 2 tablespoonfuls of dried bread crumbs and 1-2 cupful of boiling water, or stock, if you have it. When this boils, remove from the fire, and add 1 pt. chopped meat, 2 eggs well beaten, 1-4 nutmeg (grated), 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Fill teacups or custard cups 2-3 full of this mixture; stand them in a pan 1-2 full of hot water and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. When done, turn out on small plates or saucers, and serve with cream sauce.

Cream Sauce.—Rub 1 tablespoonful of flour and 1 of butter, smooth; put in a saucepan with 1-2 pt. of cream, or milk, and stir continually until it boils; then add salt and pepper, and serve at once.

Cream Chocolate Pudding.—Put 1 pt. of milk in a double boiler; when it boils add 4 tablespoonfuls of corn starch, rubbed smooth in a little cold milk, and stir until it is thick and smooth. Beat the whites of 4 eggs to a stiff froth and add to this, with 1-2 cupful of sugar. Remove from the fire, and take out 1-3 of the mixture in another dish. To this, add 2 ounces of chocolate, melted. Dip your pudding mould in cold water; put in the bottom 1-2 of the white mixture, then the whole of the dark, and lastly the remainder of the white. Stand on ice, or in a cool place to harden, and serve with any preferred sauce. Cocoanut pudding may be made in the same way by substituting 2 cupfuls of grated cocoanut in the place of the chocolate.

Pudding Without Milk.—Moisten 4 even tablespoonfuls with a little cold water; add it, with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and 1-4 teaspoonful of salt, to 1 pt. of boiling water. Stir and boil for 10 minutes. Take from the fire and beat into it the whites of 3 eggs. Pour into a mould, and when cold serve with a vanilla sauce made from the yolks of the eggs. —Annie McKay.

Lemon Jelly.—Cover 1 box of gelatine with 1 pt. of cold water, and let it soak for 1 hour; then add 1 qt. of boiling water, 1 lb. of sugar and the juice of 3 large lemons. Stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain and stand in a cold place to harden.

Snow Balls.—Wash one cupful of rice and boil in a double boiler with 1 pt. of rich milk, until tender; stir in 1 teaspoonful of salt, and turn into small cups, that have been wet with cold water, to cool. When cold turn out into saucers, and serve with soft custard poured around them, or with sugar and cream.—Frances Howard.

Raspberry Tapioca.—Wash 1 cupful of tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning add 1 pt. of boiling water and cook slowly until the tapioca is clear. Stir into this 1 qt. of raspberries, sweeten to taste, pour into the dish in which it is to be served, and stand away where it will become very cold. Serve with sugar and cream. This can be made by using 1 qt. of canned, or fresh peaches; or any preferred fruit in place of raspberries, and makes a very nice dessert either summer or winter.—S. R.

Western Cider.—For K. M. W. Whitehorn: To 1 lb of sugar or molasses add 1-2 oz. of tartaric acid; add 2 tablespoonfuls of good yeast, dissolve the sugar in 1 qt. of warm water, put all in a gallon jug; shake it well, and then fill the jug with pure cold water. Let it stand uncorked for 12 hours, and it is fit for use. This gives the proportion per gallon; if made in barrel or keg keep the bung out until it ferments. If it becomes too sour to drink, it will be the best vinegar. If made in cool weather keep it in a warm room until it is fit for use.—Mrs. L. A. B.

Fruit Pudding.—1 egg, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 cupful of sweet milk; butter size of an egg; pinch of salt; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flour to make a stiff batter; flavor to suit. Grease a pan (granite iron preferred), place a layer of fruit in the bottom, then a layer of batter, and so on, having batter on top. Place in a steamer over boiling water 1 1-2 hours. Eat with sugar and cream. Apples and cherries preferred. Try, and you will find it delicious.—A. O.

THE MALE BASS AND YOUNG.

He Guards the Eggs While His Consort is Gadding About.

A small mouth black bass, the variety sought by anglers and the only kind caught about the islands in Lake Erie, says the Cleveland Press, attains a weight of about one pound in two years, at which time it also arrives at maturity in a productive sense.

It then fans off a clean place on the gravel, deposits eggs, which are impregnated by the male member of the family, when, contrary to the general rule laid down by nature, the female goes off to some favorable watering place, while the old man attends strictly to household duties, and by the most constant care fans with his tail all the sediment off the eggs, and drives off all intruders, even to a ten-pound mud turtle.

He brings forth his little family of several thousand individual fishes about as large each as the end of a broom splint and about a quarter of an inch long, to become as long as a broom handle and weigh all the way up to ten pounds, according to the conscience and eyes of the one who for the first time pulls him permanently out of aqua pura. He seldom attains a weight of over four pounds, although those weighing six pounds have been caught.

Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away

Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form.* Tobacco users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning The Blade can get the book mailed free. Address the Sterling Remedy Co., box 722, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

THIS IS WORTH READING

LECTURE ABOUT KINDERGARTENS.

Their Relation to Social Reform Explained by Mrs. Wiggin—Excellent Thoughts for Mothers and Other People.

There was once a child, and because he was born less fortunate than others, he was less good; and those who were better born, because more fortunate, said, this is very sad that he is not good. Let us be kind! What shall we do? Let us educate him. What is education? Teaching him facts, that two and two make four; and when he is intelligent of course he will be good. So they taught him two and two made four; he did not become much better. Then they said, perhaps it is the bad air, for it was so bad that his muscles were cramped, and what air he did breathe was almost poisonous; and they said we will be kinder still, we will build him a school house with plenty of windows. They did so, and still taught him two and two made four; but he did not become a good boy, and it seemed too that he increased his intelligence. Then they said we will build moral schools, Sunday schools but this did not have any perceptible effect. Then they said we will frighten him; and they told him God would punish him, and still he did wrong. Then they said we will punish him ourselves and build a jail; and still he was not good. He was shut up, and sometimes when he came out he did more wrong. Then there came a person with an idea, with a big i, who also taught the child that two and two make four. Now the child made a clay pig; and the person with the big I made a pig too, and each made another pig to improve upon the first pig; and the child's two pigs and the person-with-the-idea's two pigs made four pigs; and the child remembered, because he was interested; and the next day he made some more out of the dough in his mother's kitchen, and he forgot the lie he meant to tell, and the ginger cake he meant to steal. It is not of special moment that the child should make clay pigs, but above all he must be interested. What the world wants is not more law, not more penalties and jails, but more vents, more channels for idle thoughts, more tasks for restless fingers.

A Californian kindergartner, pausing on the doorstep of a hovel home, receiving the last words from a weary woman's heart, heard a loud but not unfriendly voice ringing from the window of an upper tenement around the corner. "Clear the road, the teacher of the Kids' Guard is coming down the street!" Eureka, thought the teacher, here is a bit of free translation. At last the German word is put into the vernacular, and the kindergartners have become the "Kids' Guards." Heaven bless the rough translation, colloquial as it is! What has the kindergarten to do with social reform? One of our brass buttoned guardians of the peace said: "If we open more kindergartens, we can shut up the penitentiaries." Sir, we seize the idea, and promptly printed it on three thousand reports. It seemed like a strong argument; but, on second thought, I am not sure that kindergartens in every ward of every city of this entire country would shut up the penitentiaries. The insane asylums, hospitals, and alms houses are filled to overflowing, and while we are dismissing or blessing or burying the unfortunates from the imposing front entrances, new throngs are crowding into the little back doors. Life is a bridge full of gaping holes; and the blind and the weak and the stupid are continually falling through. We must, it is true, organize our life boats to rescue them, though they celebrate their rescue by promptly falling in again. The kindergarten is only a little one, just large enough for a child's foot, but it is a bit of the world's work to keep small.

With the assumption that the moral training is the absolute one, and all the others are virtually relative, the kindergarten endeavors to be a life school. Doing right would not be such a hard matter if we practiced it a tenth part as much as we practice the piano; and it gives plenty of room for children in this direction. "Do noble things, not dream them all day long," is its rule. To develop moral feeling and the power of moral doing we must guide every action. To punish wrong feeling and doing, no matter how necessary for the social state, does not develop right feeling and right doing. It does not develop anything; for it stops action, and without action there is no development. Froebel would tolerate no piece work in the kindergarten. The child is viewed as the child of nature, the child of man, and the child of God. These are not mere silken phrases, but if any one dislikes them let him remember the charge of Col. Parker: "The whole boy goes to school, but the whole boy is seldom educated after he gets there." A fraction of him is educated at home in the evening and a fraction on Sunday, and he takes himself in hand on Saturday and accomplishes a good deal. Abjuring all rewards, save the pleasure of working for others and the delight that follows the good action, and all punishments save those that follow as natural penalties of broken laws, are rules of the kindergarten. With every free, conscious choice of right, a human being's moral power and strength of character increases, and the converse is equally true. If we could infuse the spirit of this kind of discipline into family and school life, making it systematic and continuous from the earliest years, there would be fewer morally "slack-twisted" little creatures, growing up into inefficient, bloodless manhood and womanhood. It would be a good deal of trouble; but then, life is a good deal of trouble anyway, if you come to that. We cannot expect to swallow the universe like a pill, and travel on through the world like smiling images pushed from behind.

Virtue thrives in a bracing moral atmosphere, where good actions are taken rather as a matter of course. The attemper to instill an idea of self-government into the tiny slips of humanity that find their way into the kindergarten is most useful, and infinitely to be preferred to the most implicit blind obedience to arbitrary command.

In the former case, we may hope to have, some time or other, an enlightened will and conscience struggling after the right, failing often, but rising superior to failure, because of an ever stronger joy in right and shame for wrong.

To Froebel, life, action and knowledge were the three needs of harmony. He did not advocate manual training to keep children busy or to think technically. People assimilate, somewhat at least, the glory of their surroundings; and if the sense of beauty is to be great we must give them something to feed upon. A kindergarten is usually a large, cheerful room with growing plants, a vase of flowers and plenty of light and air and sunshine. A canary chirps in one corner. Perhaps there is a squirrel or a cat. Perhaps a forlorn little dog has followed the children in this safe shelter. It is a pretty, domestic interior. The kindergartener looks as if she were glad to be there, and the children smile. The work is lying about and there is a cozy atmosphere about the spot. The children are presently joined in an ideal sort of a game, where instead of "Sally Walker" of obnoxious memory, poetic child fancies are woven into song.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Rapid Acquaintance.

Mudge—Judge Billgbs is a remarkably easy man to get acquainted with, don't you think?

Yabsley—I never noticed it.

Mudge—He is, though. I hadn't known him for over an hour before I borrowed a dollar of him, and inside of the next hour we got so well acquainted that he refused to lend me another one.—Indianapolis Journal.

Drove Out Everything English.

"Papa," said little Waldo, of Boston, "did we drive the British from our shores in '76?"

"We did, my son. It was a glorious victory."

And is that the reason so few Americans speak correct English? Was the language driven out, too?"

FOR MENTAL DEPRESSION

Use Horsford's Acid Phosophate.

Dr. L. C. S. Turner, Colfax, Ia., says: "I am very much pleased with it in mental depression from gastric troubles."

The Buttercup's Ball.

BY JEROME CABLE.

The buttercup gay gave a German,
In the moonlight clear and fair;
And all the flowers were invited
By the songsters of the air.

The music was fairly entrancing,
Mr. B. Frog led the band,
And he tuned up his big bass viol
Till melody filled the land.

The deep ferny glades were illumined
By the fireflies (at request),
And a dainty toad stool was furnished,
In white and gold for each guest.

Miss Daisy was there with her parents,
Looking so sweet in her frill,
The "Buttercup" made her his partner,
To dance the opening quadrille.

Black-eyed Susan came with her cousin,
Flaunting her costume of gold;
As the Summer Girl of the flowers,
She charmed the thistle so bold.

The Golden Rod, who was invited,
But word he could not appear
Till his new yellow suit was finished,
And Autumn was drawing near.

Sweet Briar Rose sighed when she heard it,
For she knew ere he was seen,
Her roseate hue would have vanished
And she'd wear but gown of green.

Preacher Jack was there in his pulpit,
Incongruous, solemn and gray.
He found not entrance to the lancers;
The waltzes drove him away.

Among the guests from the lakeside
Was Madame de Bluegrass Grey;
Escorted by Captain Poodilly,
Who wore quite a blase air.

The caterer for the occasion
Was Mr. Grasshopper Grey;
The feast was of berries and dewdrops,
By him served a la Francais.

The gayety ended at midnight
With last farewells in the air.
The next day the winds blew this broadcast:
"Of the season, the swell affair."
—Lake George Mirror.

A New Story.

Next week a story will be commenced in the Young Folks Department for girls. It will be continued through three or four numbers, and will tell how the members of a "Ten" of the "King's Daughters" carried out their work. The author, Miss Lucy A. Freeman, has made the story of their efforts a very interesting one, and the boys, as well as the girls, of the Blade family cannot fail to be interested.

A SUMMER IDYL.

THE LISTENER.

The little girl had been picking flowers along the hillside and in the woods. She had filled her hands and her arms with a mixed-up, beautiful jumble of red columbines, green-brown jacks-in-the-pulpit, pink robins-plantain, white rue anemones, purple bird-foot violets, blue hood-leafed violets, sweet white violets and modest nodding saxifraga. She came to a great apple tree, which grew wild in the meadow close by the shore of a pond, where a brook, swollen by the lately fallen showers, tumbled noisily over the ruins of a little old stone footbridge. The apple tree was one of the largest and roundest-topped that the child had ever seen; and as she came near it, she thought that she could not see the branches at all, it was so thickly covered with pink and white blossoms. She had almost forgotten how last year's apple blossoms had looked—it was so long ago; and she had never seen such a tree as this. Between the pond and the place where the brook tumbled over the stones, a great many blue violets and white ones grew—the blue ones pale, with very long stems and dark pencilled lines in their hearts, and the white ones sweeter-smelling than roses.

* * *

The little girl picked some violets from the margin of the brook, and now and then ran back and forth between the pond and the apple tree. She heard a little bird on the other side of the pond singing a wonderfully beautiful song; and the high piping of a frog made her laugh aloud. She was delighted with this lovely spot that she had found. She thought of another place over the hill where she knew the ground was carpeted with bird-foot violets, and of a dry, half-wooded hillside where there were wild pinks. She had meant to go to those places, and still meant to go to them; but now she had a queer sort of jealousy of them and all other places, and she said, "isn't it too bad that there is any other place in the world but this!"

* * *

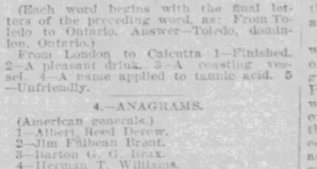
Then she ran and sat down under the apple tree; and an oriole—she knew well his golden breast and his glossy black head and wings—came and sat among the blossoms over her head. She had surely never seen anything so beautiful as this golden bird sitting in the midst of a great pile of pink and white blossoms. She laid down her flowers on the ground. The oriole was not at all afraid; he cocked his head this way and that, and presently began to sing, "I love you—love love you—love love you"—that was exactly what he said, and the very way he said it, dropping his voice as he said you, and coming out strong with the second love. You could not have known, unless you had been there, and had been the little girl herself, how pleasantly excited she was when she heard this song. It was perfectly plain that the bird was singing it to her, for he kept looking at her and kept on saying, "Love love you!" She noticed that the petals of the apple blossoms here and there had begun to fall from the tree; there was a little thin snow of them on the ground, and one of them floated down, down, softly, before her eyes. The oriole flew away, dipping along through the sunshine, and was gone clear away out of sight.

* * *

It was warm, and there was some dry grass left over from last year on the bank on which the little girl was sitting under the tree. Another bird had come now into almost the very place where the oriole had sat. The little girl did not know what kind of a bird he was, but she thought he was even more beautiful than the oriole. His breast was rose-colored—so very, very rose-colored—and the rest of him was black and white. He sang, too, a long, sweet, gentle song; and the little girl lay back upon the dry grass and listened. She saw more petals of the apple blossoms flutter down upon the ground. Some of them, clear over on the other side of the tree, came down through a little piece of sunshine, and looked like gold. One piece fell exactly into the palm of her hand, that lay extended on the grass. She smiled, parting her lips; and the lips remained parted, for the child fell fast asleep, while the little rose-breasted bird still sang over her, and now and then the apple blossoms fluttered down.

* * *

As the little girl lay asleep under the tree, her lips still parted, her father, who had all the time been observing her from the hill-top, came up and stood by the tree. A breeze stirred its branches and brought down many more petals. A soft shower of them fell where the little girl lay, and one of the petals dropped exactly between her lips, so softly that she would not have felt it even if she had been awake. The father smiled, and his heart thrilled with a long, deep thrill. It was as if some fairy, some angel, some God, were feeding his child. His heart was thrilled, and yet he had not heard a note of the song that had lulled the child to sleep, for the bird was gone now. It was hardly a thrill of joy, for always, in the moment when the intensest love for the child filled him, as it filled him now, he felt the sharp pang of a great fear. He picked up the tangle of wild flowers, and held them awkwardly in his left hand. Then he took up the little girl gently in his arms, thrusting the hand that held the flowers under her shoulders, without waking her; he carried her across the little brook, glancing down at the multitude of blue and white violets. He watched, as he passed along the shore of the pond, a white-breasted swallow skimming there, almost without using its wings, as if it were willing itself through the air; he heard a brown-thrush singing madly and joyously as he passed along the ravine. The little girl's cheeks were almost as red as the columbines. She woke, looked steadily into her father's eyes, put her arms around his neck, and hugged him close.—Boston Evening Transcript.



1.—WHAT AM I?

I belong to the family of herbaceous plants, and live in a warm climate. I was introduced into England many years ago by a certain explorer who was a great friend of the queen, and since then, I have gained in popularity until it seems as though I almost become a part of some people. I have no medicinal properties to speak of, in fact, I am of no real use, though some people seem to think so, and keep me by them all the time. I have large, broad leaves, and am everywhere covered with slammy hairs. I attain a height of from five to six feet, and have rose-colored flowers

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week which those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

GENERAL NEWS

OATES'S REPORT.

Given to the Public—Not Good Democratic Campaign Material—Workmen Treated Kindly by the Carnegie Company

Washington, Aug. 8.—Congressman Oates, of Alabama, has arisen above party and has submitted a report on the Homestead affair, which represents matters just as he found them. The other Democratic members of the committee refused to agree to its beinb submitted at this time. The committee was sent to Homestead for the purpose of manufacturing campaign material for the Democratic party, but the facts were so manifestly against them that they concluded to pigeon-hole the report for the present, or rather, not to agree to Mr. Oates report.

The latter, however, has given it to the public as his individual opinion of the matter investigated. The report begins with a statement of the movements of the sub-committee, followed by a description of the works at Homestead, the number of employes, the rates of wages, the negotiations between the company and the Amalgamated association, preceding the outbreak. The contentions of both sides, and finally an account of the disastrous ending of the attempt to land Pinkertons.

The report says that the Pinkertons who surrendered were brutally and outrageously treated, principally by women and boys, and Mr. Oates is loath to believe that any of these women were native Americans. He says that the indignities to which they were subjected was a disgrace to civilization. Mr. Oates asks whether the Carnegie firm was justified in equity and good conscience, in proposing the reduction in wages. "I answer," he says, "that Mr. Frick declined to state the cost of a ton of Bessemer steel billets and the labor cost. The men were paid satisfactory wages, but the work much abbreviates the natural period of life and men should be well paid for it." He thinks that the company should have some of the benefits of the profits resulting from the use of improved machinery. He condemns the McKinley law for its failure to benefit the American workmen, and says the promises made to the operatives have been disappointing. Had Mr. Frick stated the bottom facts to the committee it would have agreed that the proposition to reduce wages was justifiable; but they took issue with him in the conclusion that the tariff did not cause a decline in prices.

Mr. Oates finds further that the conduct of the company towards its employes was kind in many respects. It loaned them money at low interest to build them homes, and never foreclosed mortgages; but in the negotiation the officers did not exercise patience, indulgence and solicitude; and Mr. Frick, according to the report, who is a business man of great intelligence, seems to have been too stern, brusque and somewhat autocratic.

Mr. Oates is persuaded that if Mr. Frick had appealed to the reason of the employes and showed them the state of the company's affairs, the reduction might have been made and no trouble have followed. Mr. Oates finds that the Pennsylvania law contains nothing to prevent Mr. Frick from employing Pinkertons as watchmen at Homestead, but says that under the circumstances he should not have done so. He made overtures to the Pinkertons before the negotiations with the men were interrupted, and did not appeal to the county or state authorities in the first instance for protection. He asserts that Sheriff McCleary is a very efficient officer, but says that had Mr. Frick aided him and joined in his appeal to the governor, instead of employing Pinkertons, the state would have furnished a sufficient force to have protected the property.

Mr. Oates condemns as unlawful the acts of the workmen in turning away the sheriff, and as insulting in hanging in effigy Messrs. Frick and Potter. He says it was the purpose of the Amalgamated association to prevent the employment of non-union men, and he declares that no organization has a right to enforce its wishes by strong-handed defiance of law. The men had no legal right to resist the coming of the Pinkertons, and are answerable to the Pennsylvania courts.

In conclusion, Mr. Oates finds that Congress has no power over the question involved. The enactment of a satisfactory arbitration law is well nigh impossible. As to whether Congress has the power to regulate or suppress Pinkertonism, he says he has no conclusions to express until the completion of the investigation next session.

BIG VICTORY FOR CARNEGIES.

The Duquesne Strikers Returned to Work Monday.

Pittsburg, Aug. 8.—Mr. Lovejoy, of the Carnegie steel company, is authority for the statement showing the breadth of the plan of the Carnegie company to continue prosecuting the Homestead strikers who engaged in the riot on July 6 and held the company's property until dispossessed by the soldiers. The record of 53 informations for murder or aggravated riot and eighteen arrests on these charges is to be increased threefold. Mr. Lovejoy was asked:

"Will you make any more informations to-day?"

"We may. It is not decided yet. We will, though, make several before the week is over. We have started in on this conquest of riot by law and it will be carried to a finish. There will be anywhere from 50 to 150 more informations on murder and aggravated riot charges made against Homestead strikers before the strike is over. We are proceeding carefully and get only evidence to a certainty before the charge is made. We mean to make no mistake."

On the other hand W. J. Brennan, for the Amalgamated association, says the strikers do not propose to be behind the company in the matter of prosecutions and the riot, and exciting riot charges will be made against the members of the firm and the Pinkertons. Mr. Brennan states that they are waiting for information, when something else may turn up. He added that association was necessary in this age, and workmen must unite to hold their own against the capitalists. He said the arbitration papers had been served on the company, but if the members of the firm declined to take up the issue nothing further can be done. The law is not compulsory.

Victory for the Carnegies.

The strikers at Duquesne went to work this morning, and the Carnegie Steel company has gained one victory. Saturday night Superintendent Morrison posted a notice that all men who had applied for their old jobs would report at the mill at 7 o'clock this morning, as the mill would resume at that hour. Long before the time set, however, workers with dinner pails quietly stole up unfrequented streets and along the railroad tracks, so as to enter the mill unobserved by their fellow strikers. As 7 o'clock approached the number of men who had entered the mill yard through this means reached 400. About 60 men who were leaders in the sympathy strike movement gathered on the road near the mill gate, and watched in moody silence the men going in to work. Finally the mill whistle blew for 7 o'clock.

At that a large Irishman exclaimed in aloud voice, "Well, men, the jig is up; we had better hustle for our old places." This was a signal for a panic, and the entire crowd ran toward the gate. A freight train was backed in front of the gate, but the men did not wait for it to be moved, but scrambled over and under in their haste to get inside the mill before the whistle stopped blowing. It was a complete stampede. The men were organized into the Amalgamated association at no little expense, and they went out on the sympathy of the strike movement about two weeks ago. By their surrender, they are expelled from the Amalgamated association, and the Carnegie Steel company has two non-union mills. The effect of the break at Duquesne can not but prove harmful to the men at Homestead, although the leaders will not believe it. Yet at Duquesne steel billets can be manufactured and sent out to Homestead to be rolled into plates by the non-union men so that the firm will be in far better condition to fill its contracts and prosecute its fight here.

LIEUT COL. STREATOR ARRESTED.

He Gave Bail in the Sum of $500 in Each Case.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 3.—Lieut. Col. Streator was arrested at his home in Washington, Pa., yesterday afternoon,

COL. STREATOR.

on the charges of aggravated assault and battery, preferred by Private Iams. Col. Streator gave bond for his appearance at the September term of court in

PRIVATE IAMS.

Pittsburg. He gave bail in the sum of $500 on each charge, and was released. Col. Hawkins was not arrested, as he is still on duty at Homestead.

Swallowed Tobacco Juice to Induce an Attack of Nausea.

Nashua, N. H., Aug. 6.—The Evening Telegraph prints a letter from Capt. Alfred E. Hunt, commanding battery E at Homestead, Pa., in reply to a recent editorial in that paper charging that the punishment of Private Iams was unjustifiedly brutal, etc.

Capt. Hunt says: "Private Iams was not tortured in his punishment by Col. Streator, as the suspension by the thumbs did not throw the whole weight of his body on those members. After five minutes suspension he asked for a chew of tobacco in the same arrogant, insolent manner, which was characteristic of his entire conduct in camp, and also through his service in the guard. He purposely swallowed some of the tobacco to make himself sick, according to his own self-confessed statement afterward.

"He was let down from the ridge pole of the tent after 20 minutes' suspension, suffering from nausea occasioned by his having swallowed the tobacco. During the entire evening and night after his punishment, the man treated the matter jocosely, and made no complaints of having suffered. The following morning the one-half of his head was clean shaven, the only real corporeal punishment the man endured, and of which he complained while in camp. By orders of the general in command of the division, he was discharged from the command "for the good of the service." His uniform belonging to the state, was stripped off him, and cheap, coarse, but clean, new clothing placed on him. He was then drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March," in the presence of his entire brigade drawn up in line.

MR. FRICK AT HIS OFFICE.

What Hugh O'Donnell's Mission Really Is in Traveling.

Pittsburg, Aug. 5.—Mr. H. C. Frick has so far recovered as to be able to be at his office. He is attending to business as usual before being shot by Bergman.

The reported strike at the Studebaker wagon works, South Bend, Ind., is the first result of Hugh O'Donnell's trip, according to people who are in a position to know. While it was true that he needed recreation, yet the advisory board decided that he could not combine that and the furtherance of the interests of the locked-out men. So Mr. O'Donnell started to work up the boycott sentiment against the Carnegie Steel company material.

His first visit was to Bethlehem, where, it is understood, some pressing and unfinished orders of the Carnegies are being filled. Mr. O'Donnell proselyted among them, and endeavored to work such sentiment that the men would refuse to work on the orders. While the Homestead leaders secured plenty of sympathy, yet the non-union men declined to go out on a strike.

At South Bend Mr. O'Donnell was far more successful, if reports received here are trustworthy, and succeeded in closing down the largest wagon works in the world. There are fully twenty other large manufacturing concerns dependent upon the Carnegie Steel company for their material.

Been Expecting It.

The Carnegies have been expecting such a move ever since they atempted to operate the steel works here with non-union operatives, for in an interview with the Associated Press representative several days ago, one of the management said: "When our old customers learned that we were making beams, they wrote, and even came to us personally, to secure first orders, so the threatened boycott is not frightening our customers. Of course we expect that an attempt in that direction will be made the moment the men find out that we can manufacture merchantable iron, but we do not anticipate serious annoyance."

ALL DEPARTMENTS ARE RUNNING

And Matters Are Extremely Quiet To-Day at Homestead.

Homestead, Pa., Aug. 6.—A dispatch received here from Superintendent Morrison, at Duquesne, addressed to Superintendent Potter, stated that the mechanical force went to work this morning, and the firm has all the men it can give employment to on repair work. The town is quiet. Deputies subpoenaed a large number of witnesses but made no further arrests.

This morning shows little change at Homestead so far as the number of men inside or outside are concerned. Superintendent Potter and Treasurer Curry, of the Carnegie Steel company, were in very complacent frames of mind this morning, when Associated Press correspondent called to ascertain the result of the week's labor.

"All departments are being operated in full except the new Bessemer mill, the 28 inch mill and the new beam mill," they said. "The Bessemer mill is not quite finished, and we do not desire to operate the old again. We shall charge six additional furnaces in the open hearth departments on Monday, and on Wednesday next the Homestead steel works will be running in full."

A COMPARISON

Of the Wages and Cost of Living of English Workingmen and Their American Brethren —Interesting Facts.

London, Aug. 2.—A topic of never failing interest on both sides of the Atlantic is the relative cost of living in England and the United States. It is admitted in the comments of the press that wages in the United States are far, very far, in advance of what is paid in England.

It is even conceded that in some branches of industry the average earnings of the American worker will amount per week to double the sum pocketed by workers in the same lines over here. But the cost of living—there's the rub, they tell us, and their assumption is that the relative difference is fully enough, if not more than enough, to make up in England's favor for the relative difference shown in the wage sheets of the two countries.

Railway and Hotel Rates.

As regards the cost of things to the average resident one sees at once how far fetched is this idea of cheapness if he only looks at the two items of railway and hotel rates. To travel on the English railways in a style at all comparable with that afforded on ordinary American cars, you must travel first class. Even then you will get no conveniences, beyond that of a fairly comfortable seat, and the rate will be 4 cents a mile. Second class costs about the same as the American first class, that is, 3 cents a mile. Of course, you can take a third class ticket if you like, which will cost a cent a mile less than this. But your standing is impeached by riding third while others are riding first class on the same train.

You will "get there" just as soon, but you will neither be so comfortable in body nor so happy in mind. At first-class hotels in large towns you will be entertained, of course, on the European plan. The lowest price for a fairly good room will be four-and-six, with one-and-six for attendance. This means $1.50, and if afterwards you fee the many persons for whose attentions you are supposed to have paid, but have not, in the extra one-and-six, it will mean $2. Your meals you can take anywhere you please. But it will be a poor meal of any kind, and poorly served, which you will get for less than 50 cents, barring, of course, the English tea, and here again you will have to drop twopence for the waiter each time.

So that when you have saved all you can you will be running closely upon the American $3.50 a day rate. But it is common, and a little humiliating, to have to get meals, for economy's sake, outside the hostelry where you are putting up; and yet, if you take them at these cheap English hotels, look at the cost. Seventy-five cents for breakfast, $1.25 for dinner, 50 cents for "tea," and if you take the regulation "fourth" meal, be it lunch or supper, about 75 cents more, which foots up for the day, including room, a hotel rate of something over $5. That's how cheap living is in England—if you put up at a fairly good hotel.

As to Clothing.

But clothing, we are assured, is surprisingly low in price. The common idea is that you get it for about one-half what it costs in the United States. This, however, is another fallacy. If such clothing as is worn by workmen at their daily toil, and such as the laboring classes are content to wear on Sundays and holidays can be purchased any cheaper in London than in Chicago or New York, we have yet to see the advertisement of any responsible English shopkeeper which demonstrates this fact, and have yet to find any place, notwithstanding the search we have maintained, where such clothing is displayed to view.

The truth is that for the lower grade of goods and workmanship in the clothing line prices in the two countries are about equal. And in higher grades the situation is something like this. The same goods which, when cut in the American style and fitted with American exactness and finished according to the American quality of well-paid workmanship would cost you in the land of the Stars and Stripes about $45, you can get put together and hung on your back here for say $25. But for the $20 you may have saved in money you will pay awfully dear in the sacrifice of comfort. We write feelingly upon this point, repeated experiments in cheap English clothing having fully convinced us that garments which come at so low a price are never properly made, that they never fit, and never give satisfaction.

Nevertheless, you can get a good suit of clothes here—quite as good as you can get in America. The only thing is that, to do this, you must go to some fashionable, high-priced tailor—a man who keeps good hands and pays fair wages. Here you will find yourself quite well suited in both the literal and figurative sense. You will find, too, that the cost will be, if anything, a little more than your tailor in New York would have charged.

An Advantage in Rents.

It would be ungenerous, after saying this, not to make an admission favorable to the other side of the question. We do it cheerfully. We admit that in rents the Englishman has a decided advantage over us. He can get shelter cheaper than we can, as a rule, though not in all cases. It would be awful indeed if he could not, considering how much worse off he is at the week's end in wages. But against this advantage we may well instance, with a very pardonable sensation of pride, the large proportion of American workmen who are above the necessity of paying rent, from the fact that they have become their own landlords.

In America the ordinary workman thinks that home, to be a real home, should have a carpet on the floor, and, perchance, a musical instrument in the parlor. And if the cost of things is so much less here than in the United States, or if English wages have the same buying power in England as American wages have in America, why is it that the homes of English workmen are not brightened generally the same way? The American workman likes meat, and, as a rule, he eats from two to three times a day. He gets it, too, in most sections of the country, at trifling cost. With spring chickens obtainable at 25 cents each, and a good big fowl for roasting or boiling at from 35 to 40 cents, he can occasionally treat himself to even such a luxury as that.

Chickens Fly High.

But here meat is meat, and chickens fly too high altogether to ever sit, except on the very rarest occasions, on the table of the workingman. If you can pick up a fowl here for 65 cents, you are lucky indeed. You will generally find them roosting in the market—the few that are available—at about the altitude of from 80 cents to $1.25. Here is another instance of the dirt cheapness, so to speak, of living in England.

Of course they tell us here that working people do not need such delicacies as these. If they do not, it is well they do not. We are told indeed that they do not need much meat of any kind, and here again are congratulations in order, for how on earth could they get much if they needed it over so badly? For our own table we are paying on the cut skirts of London 22 cents a pound for only fairly good roast of beef. For steaks we pay 24 cents, and for the best mutton chops even more than that. Recently, in a market town about 50 miles from London, we put down $2 for a leg of mutton weighing nine pounds, and when you consider that to thousands of agricultural laborers living in the vicinity of that market town the $2 we were assessed for only enough meat to last a medium-sized family a couple of days represents two-thirds of a week's income, you will get some idea both of what wages are in this country, and of the utter fallacy of the proposition, so strenuously contended for over here just at this time, that the English workman is as well off relatively as the workman in the United States. Such an idea is all moonshine.

To be sure the English workman manages to live cheaper than the American. He is compelled to do this, because his earnings are so much smaller. He does it, however, not because prices are lower but rather as the result of the economy he is forced to practice, and the privations to which he subjects himself in the heroic effort to cut his coat according to the small measure of cloth doled out to him.

Minnesota Democrats.

Minneapolis, Aug. 4.—Daniel W. Lawler was nominated by acclamation for governor by Minnesota Democrats yesterday. H. Hawkins was named for lieutenant governor. A long and very much stereotyped platform was adopted.

GOVERNOR M'KINLEY AT LINCOLN.

Nebraska's Capital Never Had Such a Crowd Before.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 4.—Governor McKinley's speech and the Republican state convention drew to Lincoln such a crowd as the state capital had never before been called upon to accommodate. All available space in the hotels was occupied by beds and cots, and yet hundreds paid for the privilege of sleeping on the floors of carpeted hallways, while other hundreds literally camped out on the state house grounds and the university campus. Not all the delegates heard McKinley's speech.

In the commencement the governor said:

"This magnificent assemblage is a magnificent tribute to a magnificent cause. The Republican party occupies the most advanced position of any political party in the world. That no evil has come to the country by reason of the accidental Democratic occupancy of the executive and legislative branches of the government was because a Democratic House and President could not overthrow the laws established by the Republicans. There is not a page in the history of the Republican party that we would want blotted out. The Democratic party is a party of opposition, and a party of critics and grumblers. The Democratic party has constructed nothing in thirty-one years."

After talking for an hour upon the tariff, the governor closed as follows:

"Protection encourages the American shop; free trade the foreign shop. We can have free trade in this country only when the nations of the Old World lift up the condition of the laboring man until it is equal to ours. Then we will compete with them anywhere in the world and take our chances for supremacy. Foreign nations want us to adopt free trade because under that system they could come in and take our home market from us unless we would bring the condition of our laboring man down to the level of their own—this we will never do."

BLAINE WILL TAKE THE STUMP.

Mr. Manly Will at Once Arrange the Dates.

Augusta, Me., Aug. 3.—The campaign in Maine will be opened by the Republicans the 17th inst., and Chairman Manley is busy arranging for the meetings to be held in every section and corner of the state.

Ex-Secretary Blaine will take the stump. Mr. Manley left for Bar Harbor last night to arrange when he will speak.

ALABAMA'S OFFICIAL VOTE

Will Show 20,000 Majority For Mr. Jones.

Montgomery, Ala., Aug. 5.—Reports from all counties but two have been received. The official count will take place Saturday. Gov. Jones's majority will be in the neighborhood of 20,000. Further reports confirm the statement that there will be a two-third majority for Jones, Democrat, in the legislature. Notwithstanding this, P. G. Bowman, chairman of the Kolb Jeffersonian Democratic Executive committee, has issued a circular to their partisans, saying:

"You are requested to meet at the court-house of your county on next Saturday, for the purpose of seeing that the votes cast at the election on August 1, 1892, are correctly and fairly counted. You will make note of all irregularities. Keep an account of all votes that were illegally cast, and be prepared to prove it. Circulate this among your friends, and go to the court-house in such numbers as to show that you are determined to preserve your rights. The indications now are that Kolb is elected governor, and that the legislature will be composed of true men who will see justice done in the premises. And I urge you to do your duty from now on, as you have done in the past, and not lose the fruits of your victory."

Nebraska People's Party.

Kearney, Neb., Aug. 4.—After spending the night chiefly in killing time, the People's party convention finally got through the muddle, and at 3:30 this morning John H. Powers, ex-president of the National Farmers' Alliance and candidate for governor two years ago,

EX-SENATOR VAN WYCK.

withdrew his name from consideration in connection with any office, and ex-Secretary C. H. Van Wyck was nominated for governor, practically by acclamation. The platform had been adopted, the state committee selected and officered, and Presidential electors chosen.

West Virginia Republicans.

Huntington, W. Va., Aug. 4.—The work of the Republican party of West Virginia, yesterday, will without much doubt be ratified by the people at the polls. The ticket named is without a blemish. State Senator Thomas E. Davis was nominated for governor by acclamation. An effort was made to nominate Hon. S. B. Elkins, but he peremptorily declined, announcing that it would be impossible for him to accept the nomination.

The remainder of the ticket was selected with practical unanimity.

North Dakota Republicans.

Fargo, N. D., Aug. 3.—The Republicans of North Dakota last night completed their ticket. Governor Burke was nominated for governor by acclamation. The balance of the ticket was as follows:

Lieutenant governor, R. H. Hankinson, Richland county; secretary of state, C. M. Dahl, Burleigh; auditor, Mr. Walker, Barnes; treasurer, L. E. Booker, Pembina; superintendent of public institutions, J. M. Divine; commissioner of agriculture, D. H. McMillan; attorney general, P. H. Rourke, Ransom; insurance commissioner, Fred B. Fancher, Stutsman; railroad commissioners, W. C. Lockhart, Dickey; N. C. Lawrence, Stark; C. L. Wilber, Rolette.

Michigan People's Party.

Jackson, Aug. 3.—The People's party convention nominated the following ticket last night: Governor, John W. Ewing, a farmer of Grand Ledge; lieutenant-governor, Dr. Geo. H. Sherman, of Detroit; secretary of state, Frank M. Vandercook, editor of the St. Louis (Mich.) Independent; treasurer, Joseph W. Welton, of Kent county; auditor-general, Clinton Peck, of Lapeer; attorney-general, A. A. Ellis, of Ionia; superintendent of public instruction, O. M. Graves, of Emmet; commissioner of state land office, Wm. L. Hayden, of Houghton; member state board of education, Wilbur H. Clute, of Bay.

Will Bolt Jerry Simpson.

Topeka, Kans., Aug. 4.—William O'Connor, county attorney of Stevens county, and a Democratic leader in the southeastern part of the state, said in an interview here that outside of Sedgewick, 50 per cent of the Democrats in the Seventh district would vote with the Republicans rather than support Jerry Simpson. He said the Democrats were organizing to prevent Simpson's endorsement, and if defeated in the convention would bolt and run an independent candidate, as was done in the Third district convention, yesterday.

Colored Alliance Declining.

Charleston, S. C., Aug. 5—Reports at the recent annual meeting show that the colored alliance is on a rapid decline. The membership last year was 40,000, while the officers now are claiming only 25,000. A resolution was passed that the alliance would favor no political party as an organization.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

The Right Honorable Arthur Wellesley Peel Re-elected Speaker—Gladstone Vigorously Greeted by His Colleagues.

London, Aug. 4.—The new Parliament reassembled at 2 o'clock this afternoon, the first member arriving before 8 o'clock in order that he might secure the seat he desired to occupy. Sir

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

Charles Dilke, who was chosen to sit for the Forest-of-Dean division of Gloucestershire, came in at 11 o'clock, and when selecting his seat by the custom prevailing of a member placing his hat upon the portion of the bench he wishes to occupy, he inadvertently placed his hat on the government side of the house. When his error was pointed out to him, he at once placed his hat on the seat occupied by him when last a member of the house.

As Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, the government leader in the house, and other prominent members

JOHN MORLEY.

entered the chamber, they were heartly cheered. Mr. Gladstone made his appearance in the house soon after 2 o'clock, and was given a wildly enthusiastic reception. The Irish members who were in a body waving their hats and cheering, were joined in these demonstrations by the Liberals. When Mr. Gladstone had taken his seat, he was surrounded by a crowd of members of the house irrespective of party, all anxious to congratulate him and shake his hand. Mr. Gladstone appeared to have entirely recovered from his recent indisposition.

By 1 o'clock nearly all the opposition seats were filled. Meanwhile a number of members of the yeomen of the guard had reached the house and the historic search for gunpowder in the Parliament buildings, which has been made at the opening of every Parliament since the attempt of Guy Fawkes and his plotters to blow up the king, his ministers and the members of both houses at the opening of Parliament November 5, 1605, had been carried through. When the house of lords assembled with usual ceremony, the gentleman usher of the black rod summoned the members of the house of commons to hear the reading of the commission for the new Parliament.

Upon their return to the house of commons, the members proceeded to the election of a speaker.

Sir M. W. Riley (Conservative), member for the Blackpool division of Lancashire, moved that the Right Honorable Arthur Wellesley Peel, who was

SPEAKER PEEL IN HIS ROBES.

speaker of the last house be elected speaker of the new body. The motion was seconded by Mr. Gladstone, and carried, and Mr. Peel was declared to have been re-elected.

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE READ.

The Queen Not of the Opinion that the Session Will be Continued.

London, Aug. 8.—The formalities of organizing the House of Commons were completed last week, and this morning when the House met the members were summoned to the House of Lords, where the speech from the throne opening the session of the 25th Parliament of Queen Victoria was read. The speech informed Her Majesty's lords and gentlemen that by command of Her Majesty the present Parliament has been assembled in obedience to the terms of Her Majesty's proclamation of June 28, by which the late Parliament was dissolved.

Previous to that dissolution, the speech added, the business of the session was completed; therefore it is not necessary for Parliament now to continue its session at an unusual period of the year, for the transaction of financial or legislative business.

Her Majesty expressed the hope that when Parliament meets again at the customary season, it will again direct attention to measures of social and domestic improvement, and that it will continue to advance in the path of useful and beneficent legislation which has been so judiciously followed at previous sessions.

GLADSTONE REPLIES SHARPLY.

Imperial Control, But Home Rule for Ireland.

London, Aug. 9.—The House of Commons was crowded to its fullest capacity before the business of the day was commenced, as it was expected that Mr. Gladstone would resume the debate in reply to the Queen's speech. His appearance in the House was the signal for ringing cheers from his adherents on the floor and his admirers in the galleries. The first matter taken up was the case of Egan, an invincible, who was sentenced for imprisonment under the crimes act. Home Secretary Matthews said that he could not hold out hopes of Egan's speedy release. Mr. J. W. Lowther, parliamentary secretary of the foreign office, announced that the British East Africa company had instructed its officers to leave Uganada by August 31. He added that Capt. Tugard, in command of the company's forces in Uganda, had consented to a division of the territory, it being provided that the armed French Catholics should stay in a specified locality, though Uganda itself should be free to all religions.

After Mr. Lowther had finished, Mr. Gladstone arose and was greeted with loud cheering by the members of the opposition.

Mr. Gladstone opened his speech by referring to the procedure of the government in departure from precedents in not resigning when the verdict was against them. The house had met, Mr. Gladstone said, but they did not know for what. (Cheers.) The Queen's speech told them nothing. Was it a fact, he asked, that the judgment of the nation was without appeal? Was the House of Commons to fight the battle of the last six years over again? Never had there been a great issue submitted to the country that had been so fully discussed as to the issue decided as at the last general election. The government was perfectly aware of that. They knew well that a majority of the house has come prepared to give effect to the verdict of their constituents. (Cheers.) They could not do otherwise.

Turning to the matter of home rule amid wild cheering by the Irish members, Mr. Gladstone said that the claims of Ireland had been for years at the fore front of the battle, and that the position was held. The principles of his home rule bill were pretty well known. By its provisions there would be a full and effectual maintenance of imperial supremacy, while Ireland would be given the conduct of her own affairs.

Irish representation in the house of commons was also contemplated under certain conditions. As to the form in which these principles would be embodied, it was the duty of the Liberals to select the best form, but not until they had been placed in power.

Mr. Gladstone further said that he entertained no doubt about the duty of a Liberal government in the event of a rejection of a home rule bill. Its rejection would not terminate their duty. (Cheers.) At the same time it would be necessary even in the year 1893 to deal with British wants. Mr. Balfour followed Mr. Gladstone.

JUST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Columbus Sailed From Palos for the New World.

Palos, Aug 3.—This is the 400th anniversary of the day on which Columbus set sail from Palos westward, on his voyage of discovery, and the festivities arranged here for celebrating the day were carried out with great eclat.

The view from the town, however, was obscured by a thick mist, which hung over the river, and rendered it impossible to see more than a dim outline of the hulls of the vessels lying at anchor. At 6 o'clock, the hour at which Columbus began his voyage, the caravel Santa Maria, constructed in imitation of the vessel of that name belonging to the Columbus expedition, which had been lying off shore all night, set her sails for passage through the lines of war ships anchored outside the bar, but owing to the prevalence of a dead calm, a line was run to her from a gunboat, and she was towed down stream, followed by the Spanish flotilla in single file.

Minister of Marine Montigo was on board the war ship Legaspi. The voyage down the river past the monastery of Larabida, on which buildings the flags of all the American states were flying, to the bar, occupied about an hour. Outside the bar were moored the vessels of the foreign squadrons which had come to take part in the celebration. These vessels were formed in lines, between which the caravel passed, among thundering salutes and deafening cheers.

The mists and smoke from the guns made it impossible to watch the maneuvers of the caravel, which followed for some distance the route taken by Columbus 400 years ago. At 9 o'clock the little vessel returned and re-entered the river. The town of Huelva is crowded with visitors, and all the buildings, both private and public, are gaily decorated.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The following cable messages were exchanged yesterday:

"La Rabida, Spain.

"The President—To-day, four hundred years ago, Columbus sailed from Palos, discovering America. The United States flag is being hoisted this moment in front of the convent La Rabida, along with banners of all American States. Batteries and ships saluting accompanied by enthusiastic acclamations of the people, army and navy. God bless America.

Prieto, Alcalde of Palos."

"Department of State, Washington, August 3, 1892.

"Senor Prieto, Alcalde De Palos, La Rabida, Spain.

"The President of the United States directs me to cordially acknowledge your message of greeting. Upon this memorable day, thus fittingly celebrated the people of the new Western world, in grateful reference to the name and feme of Columbus, join hands with the sons of the brave sailors of Palos and Huelva who manned the discoverer's caravels.

Foster, Secretary of State."

GEN. CRESPO IN CARACAS AT LAST.

Battle Fought at the City's Gates Favorable to the Revolutionists.

New York, Aug. 6.—The Herald says: "Gen. Crespo has entered Caracas by force of arms," was the startling cable dispatch from the chief of the staff of the supreme commander of the Venezuelan insurgents yesterday to the Venezuelan junta in New York. Later came the information that conqueror Crespo had precipitated a sanguinary battle at the city's gates which had terminated in the utter defeat of the government troops and resulted in the triumphant entrance of the entire revolutionary army of 25,000 men, with Crespo, Guerra, Quintana, Vegas and others at its head. The intelligence which came to the junta yesterday also announce the utter defeat and rout of Lucien Mendoza, the last general of the Villagras governemnt, at La Victoria, and the capture of Gen. Batalla and his entire army.

IT HAS APPEARED AT MOSCOW.

Cholera Decreasing in the Districts Along the Volga.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 3.—It is again reported that cholera has appeared in Moscow. The disease has made its appearance in Riasan, a town and capital of the government of Riasan 110 miles southeast of Moscow.

The epidemic is decreasing in the Volga districts, but is increasing in the Don territory, including the government of Rostoff, where 1,055 new cases and 447 deaths occurred in one day.

Cholera Precautions.

Vienna, Aug. 4.—With the purpose of preventing, if possible, the introduction of cholera into Austria, the government has issued an order directing that all vessels arriving at Austrian ports from Turkish ports on the Black sea shall be subjected to a week's quarantine, and shall be thoroughly inspected and disinfected.

Eruption of Mt. Etna.

Catania, Aug. 3.—The eruption of Mount Aetna diminished somewhat on Monday, but yesterday there were signs of renewed activity. Fresh streams of lava are flowing down the mountain side, but the subterranean rumblings and the discharge of ashes from the craters are less violent than they have been.

Russian Troops in the Pamirs.

Simla, Aug. 3.—It is reported here that three detachments of Russian troops have occupied the Pamirs as far as the Hindoo-Koosch mountains, thus holding the country from which Captain Yanoff, who commanded the Russian expedition to the Pamirs in 1891, retired in the latter part of that year.

THE REVOLUTION IN HONDURAS.

Reported that the Government Again Has the Upper Hand.

New Orleans, Aug. 8.—The steamship City of Dallas arrived yesterday evening with the latest intelligence of the revolution in Spanish Honduras. It appers that the government once more has the upper hand and that Leiva and his cabinet will remain in control. He has chartered the steamship Pizatti, a New Orleans vessel, and converted it into a warship, loading the steamer with troops. It departed from Puerto Cortez to attack Ceiba.

Bringing the Body Home.

New York, Aug. 4.—The Herald's Panama special says: United States Consul McCreery at Valparaiso has arrived here with the body of Boatswain's Mate Riggan, who was killed in the attack on the Baltimore men. He will leave for New York on the Columbia.

Against Free Masonry.

Rome, Aug. 5.—The Pope has addressed an encyclical letter to the bishops throughout Italy, in which his holiness declares that the action of the Free Masons of Italy are subversive of religion.

MONUMENT TO JOHN P. HALE.

He Was the First Anti-Slavery Man in the United States Senate.

Concord, N. H., Aug. 6.—The statue of John P. Hale, the gift of his son-in-law, Senator William E. Chandler, to the state of New Hampshire, has been dedicated with imposing ceremonies. The statue is of heroic size, standing eight feet and four inches above the die. It represents the statesman clothed in an ordinary dress coat, with the

JOHN P. HALE'S STATUE.

lapels apart. The right arm is extended as though he were addressing an audience, and the face wears an expression of thoughtful earnestness.

The statue stands upon a solid pedestal of Concord granite. It rises nine feet and eight inches from the ground, making the whole monument 18 feet in height. The die is six feet and six height. The die as 6 feet and 6 inches square, on the front side in heavy raised letters is the name, "John P. Hale." On remaining three sides are bronze tablets. That in the rear bears the following inscription: "Presented to the state of New Hampshire by William E. Chandler, of Concord." On the right tablet are the words:

"The measure of my ambition will be full when my wife and children shall repair to my grave to drop the tear of affection to my memory and read on my tombstone: 'He who lies beneath surrendered office, place and power rather than bow down and worship slavery.'"

On the left side is the inscription:

John P. Hale, the first anti-slavery United States Senator. He secured the abolition of flogging and the spirit ration in the navy. Born in Rochester, 1806, died at Dover, 1873.

George Ramsdell, of Nashua, of the executive council, was master of ceremonies. The statue was presented by Senator Chandler and accepted by Governor Tuttle in behalf of the state. The oration was by Daniel Hall, of Dover. This was an exhaustive historical review of the life of Senator Hale. Following it were brief addresses by Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D.D., of Dover; Rev. A. S. Woodbury, D.D., of Providence, R. I., and Amos Hadley, of Concord.

SNOW FIELDS SEEN IN MARS.

European Astronomers Make Unsatisfactory Observations.

Vienna, Aug. 4.—In an interview had by the representative of the Associated Press, at the observatory on the Turkenschanze, in Vienna, with assistant astronomer Hildebrand, the latter said that careful observations of the planet Mars were made from the nights of July 30 to that of August 2, inclusive, by Herr Palisa, the chief assistant astronomer, and himself. Owing to the proximity of the southern horizon, however, the result of the observations were unsatisfactory.

The progress of the planet was watched for an hour. At a point 52 degrees above the horizon snow fields could be seen distinctly, extending 30 degrees from the south pole. Immediately underneath this white patch three large dark groups were observable. "Perhaps," remarked Herr Hildebrand to his caller, "they are continents like those of our earth. The haze which enveloped the lower part of Mars, however, rendered accurate observations impossible. The north pole and the equator were completely obscured."

These observations were taken at 1:50 in the morning with the largest telescope in Central Europe.

Warrants for Five Hundred Men.

Wardner, Idaho, Aug. 2.—General Carlin and Major Rundell have returned here from Fort Sherman. The troops will be here for an indefinite period, as the United States commissioner has warrants for the arrest of 500 men, some 200 of which are yet to be served. It has been represented in the petition to both the governor and President, that men have been designated for the assassin's knife or bullet, and that existing evidence proves the assertion.

Gas in Tennessee.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 5.—The Cumberland oil company, at Eagle Creek, Pickett county, near Birdstown, struck natural gas July 28, which is flowing with a capacity of 1,000,000 cubic feet per day. The place where the well is located is far from communication. The roar made by the escaping gas can be heard for miles.

Studebaker's Works Closed.

South Bend, Ind., Aug. 5.—As a result of the notice given out yesterday that carpenters would refuse to use any Carnegie material, Studebaker's works, employing 5,000 men, are closed down.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY,
Oxford, Butler Co., O. Full term opens Wednesday Sept. 7, '92. Its Faculty, Institutes, full courses of study, its methods, its teachers, its students, its graduates, its equipments, its records, its results. Address the President, Rev. W. O. Thompson, D.D.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS, OHIO, has 11 Professors and Assistants, 26 Depart

WASHINGTON NEWS.

IT WAS "COLD TEA" COBB DRANK

He Thought There Was No Harm in so Innocent a Beverage.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Mr. Cobb took the stand in his own defense yesterday, before the committee investigating the Watson charges. For several days before he made the speech in question, Mr. Cobb said he was engaged in laborious work gathering material and preparing his argument.

His throat troubled him, and he had, before beginning his remarks, requested an employee of the House to bring him a cup of beef tea. "Surely beef tea is a mild and non-intoxicating liquid," said Mr. Cobb, and it was a frequent thing for members to refresh themselves with it during a speech. He had called for

MR. COBB, OF ALABAMA.

beef tea because it was warm and soothing to the throat. From time to time he had sent the cup back and had it replenished, and had exchanged the cold tea for hot tea, and from that circumstance, he thought, all the trouble had grown. It was not true, he said, as had been asserted by Mr. Watson, that he had said to a page, "bring me some more whiskey."

"The point is this," said Mr. Cobb, "No one could have heard me ask a page to bring me some whisky, for I never said it." Whether whisky was brought by a page and placed on his desk for the beef tea he did not know. He was too much engaged at the time in his argument to notice who placed it on his desk. Whether a page or a "friend" whom he had requested to get him some stimulant had brought it, he was not prepared to say. Mr. Cobb acknowledged that some whisky was brought him during the course of the evening and placed on his desk. It had been brought by a friend, and he had used it only for his throat. If it had affected him in manner or voice he was not aware of it. He was sober then as now. It was true he had drank a little beer during the day.

Mr. Watson at this point interrupted the proceedings by asking Judge Cobb how he indicated that the beverage was out, and that he wished the cup replenished, to which the answer was that, so far as he (Mr. Cobb) remembered, he had said to a friend that he wanted a little whisky or some stimulant. He hardly thought, though, that his remark was loud enough to be heard any distance. Any one who said he had asked a page to get him whisky was mistaken. When the whisky was put before him, he had sipped it two or three times, and when he had concluded his remarks he took another sip, but he was not made drunk by it, nor did his state approach intoxication.

A sharp colloquy occurred between Mr. Boatner and Mr. Watson, during which the latter, though expressing his admiration for Mr. Cobb, reiterated the statement that he believed that he was intoxicated on the occasion mentioned.

'T GOT THROUGH AT LAST.

The Vote in Detail on the World's Fair Bill.

Washington, Aug. 6.—The passage of the Durborrow bill yesterday afternoon was fraught with much interest. The bill provides for a direct gift of $2,500,000 to the fair, and contains the Sunday closing paragraph, as did the one killed by the filibusterers.

The vote in detail on the bill was as follows:

SPEAKER CRISP, WHO PRESIDED DURING THE CLOSING SCENES.

Yeas—Messrs. Andrew, Atkinson, Babbitt, Bartine, Barwig, Bentley, Bingham, Boatner, Bowers, Bowman, Brotz, Broderick, Brookshire, Brosius, Brown, Buchanan, C. J.; Buck, Bunn, Bushnell, Butler, Bynum, Cable, Cadmus, Caldwell, Cannetti, Capehart, Caruth, Castle, Catchings, Causey, Cheatham, Chipman, Clancy, Coburn, Coombs, Cooper, Cox (N. Y.), Curtis, Dalzell, Daniell, Dingley, Dixon, Doan, Dolliver, Dungan, Durborow, English, Enochs, Fellows, Flick, Forman, Fowler, Funston, Geissenhainer, Griswold, Grout, Hall, Hare, Harries, Harter, Hayes, Henderson (Ia.), Henderson (Ill.), Hermann, Hitt, Hooker (N. Y.), Hopkins, Hull, Hurd, Hutchinson, Johnson (Ind.), Johnson (N. D.), Jolley, Lane, Lapham, Loud, Martin, McClellan, McGann, McKaig, Meyer, Mitchell, O'Neill (Pa), O'Neill (Mo.), Owens, Palmer, Parker, Patton, Payne, Pendleton, Perkins, Pickler, Post, Powers, Price, Quackenbush, Raines, Ray, Rayner, Reed, Reilly, Rockwell, Rowell, Rusk, Seerley, Shively, Shonk, Smith, Snow, Spence, Stephenson, Stevens, Steward (Ill.), Stone (G. W.), Stone (W. A.), Storer, Stout, Stump, Tarsney, Taylor (E. B.), Taylor (I. H.), Townsend, Tracey, Waugh, Wheeler (Mich.), White, Wike, Williams (Ill.), Wilson (W. Va.), Wolverton, Wright—131.

Nays—Messrs. Alexander, Antony, Bacon, Bailey, Baker, Bankhead, Beeman, Blanchard, Branch, Breckenridge (Ark.), Breckenridge (Ky.), Buchanan (Va.), Butler, Cate, Clark (Ala.), Cobb (Ala.), Cobb (Mo.), Covert, Cowles, Cox (Tenn.), Crain (Tex.), Crawford, Culberson, Cummings, Davis, De Armond, De Forest, Dickerson, Dockery, Donovan, Dunphy, Edmunds, Elds, Enloe, Everett, Forney, Goodnight, Halvorson, Heard, Henderson (N. C.), Holman, Jones Kyle Lanham, Lawson, (Va.), Lawson (Ga.), Lester (Va.), Lester (Ga.), Little, Mahoney, Maish, McCreary, McKeighan, McMillin, Meitae, Meredith, Montgomery, Mutchler, Norton, Oates, O'Farrell, Otis, Patterson (Tenn.), Painter, Pearson, Pierce, Richardson, Shell, Simpson, Terry, Tucker, Turner, Turpin, Van Horn, Warner, Washington, Watson, Wheeler (Ala.), Williams (N. C.), Winn, Youmans.

Pairs Announced.

The following pairs were announced: Messrs. Haugen and Bullock, Clark (Wyo.) and Moore, Scott and Kan, Cutting and Layton, Harmer and Hutch, Robinson and Kribbs, Whiting and Johnson, Haynes and Stewart of Texas, Wadsworth and Campbell, Belden and Abbott, Hilbish and Crosby, Springer and Bryan, McKinney and Brawley, V. A. Taylor and Bunting, Randall and Gantz, Sanford and Cochran, Newberry and Lewis, Coolidge and Bricker, Anderson (Kan.) and Anderson and Livingston, O'Donnell and Beltzhoover, Greenleaf and Gorman, Belknap and Lockwood, McAleer and Hallowell, Brickner and Hitch, Pattison of Ohio and Bland, Russell and Gillespie, Bergen and Lagan, Lind and Blount, Sweet and Moses, Stone (Ky.) and Walker, Allen and Wilson (Ky.), Herbert and Boutelle, Hooker (Miss.) and Mitchell, Snodgrass and Cassidy (Tenn.), O'Neil (Mass.) and Cogswell, Arnold and Weaver, Wilson and Hunt, Wise and Ketcham, Outhwaite and Scull, Johnston (S. C.) and Burrows, Tillman and Morse.

On motion of Mr. Reilly, of Pennsylvania, the vote by which the bill was passed was reconsidered, and the motion to reconsider laid upon the table. This was done only after an ineffectual attempt had been made by Mr. Bailey, of Texas, to filibuster.

Other Business.

The Speaker appointed Messrs. Fitch, Geissenhainer, DeForest, Ray and Hanner as the members of the special committee to inquire into the execution of the election laws in New York. On motion of Mr. Houk, of Ohio, Senate joint resolution was passed authorizing foreign exhibitors at the World's Fair to bring into this country foreign laborers to assist in preparing their exhibits.

Mr. Boatner, of Louisiana, submitted the majority report on the Watson charges, and it was ordered printed. So, also, were the views of the minority, signed by Mr. Simpson, of Kansas.

At the Evening Session.

At the evening session the bill was passed, fixing the time of holding terms of the United States court in the district of South Dakota. Senate joint resolution was passed extending to the king and queen of Spain and to the descendants ofChristopher Columbus invitations to be present at the World's Fair.

The sundry civil, the last of the appropriation bills was passed, 169 to 14.

On motion of Mr. McMillin, a committee was appointed to join a similar committee on the part of the Senate to wait upon the President and inform him that Congress is ready to adjourn. The committee consists of Messrs. McMillin, Fellows and O'Neill (Pa.)

Shortly before 10 o'clock a message was received from the Senate announcing the agreement of that body to the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill. It was received with manifestations of approval, but with no applause of any kind.

At 10:20 the Speaker signed the sundry civil appropriation bill and his signature was a signal for general leave-taking.

The Speaker laid before the House the Senate amendment to the resolution for final adjournment. The amendment, which fixed 11 o'clock to-night as the hour of adjournment, was agreed to without objection or debate.

Mr. McMillin, as chairman of the committee in charge of the subject, reported that the committee had waited upon the President and informed him that Congress was ready to adjourn. The President had stated in reply that he had no communication to make.

The resolution was adopted for the appointment of a special committee to codify existing pension laws.

The hour of 11 o'clock having arrived, the Speaker declared theHouse adjourned without delay, the galleries broke into the Doxology, and the first session of the Fifty-second Congress was adjourned.

THE COMING SILVER CONFERENCE.

The United States Commissioners Have Been Named.

Washington, Aug. 8.—The President has at last named the commissioners who will represent the United States at the coming international monetary conference. The following is the commission:

Hon. Wm. B. Allison, of Iowa; Hon. John P. Jones, of Nevada; Hon. James

GENERAL FRANCIS A. WALKER.

B. McCreary, of Kentucky; Hon. Henry W. Cannon, of New York; Hon. Francis A. Walker, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Allison has been for many years a leading senator of the United States and has been for a long time chairman

SENATOR JOHN P. JONES.

of the committee on appropriations and a member of the committee on finance, well informed on financial matters.

Senator Jones is also a leading member of the finance committee of the Senate and has given special study to the silver question. He has been noted for his speeches on financial issues.

Mr. McCreary is a member of the House of Representatives,formerly chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. He introduced in the House the bill providing for the present international monetary conference and has taken special interest in the subject.

Mr. Cannon has for years taken a leading part in financial operations in New York; was formerly comptroller of the currency, and is now president of the Chase National bank of Chicago.

Mr. Walker is a well known writer on economic questions. He has been superintendent of the census, and was a member of the international monetary conference held at Paris in 1878. He is president of the Massachusetts Insitute of Technology; president of the American Statistical Society and honorary fellow of the Royal Statistical Society of London.

The city where the conference will be held has not been named yet, but it is probable that either Geneva, Berlin or Paris will be selected. The date has not been fixed. The general opinion is that President Harrison has made an admirable selection.

COMPARISONS OF APPROPRIATIONS.

An Increase of Nearly Fifty Millions Over the Last Congress.

Washington, Aug. 9.—A statement prepared by Senator Allison, chairman of the Appropriations committee, makes the following comparison of the appropriations of the first session of the Fifty-second Congress with those made at the first session of the last Congress:

The regular annual bill of the first session of last Congress appropriated $1,799,100; the last session's bill appropriates $3,232,995; army bill $24,200,471, this session $24,308,311; diplomatic and consular $1,710,315, this session $1,604,045; District of Columbia $5,769,544, this session$5,323,414; fortifications $4,232,055, this session $2,754,276; Indians $47,202,062 this session $7,664,047; legislative $21,030,722, this session $21,889,252; military academy $435,290, this session $428,918; navy $24,136,035, this session $23,543,385.

This former included $1,000,000 appropriated by a joint resolution for nickel ore or nickel matter for naval purposes. Pensions $123,770,368, this session $154,411,682; the former appropriation includes $75,521,097, pension deficiencies for the year 1890, and the latter appropriation includes $7,674,332 pension deficiencies for the year 1892. Postoffice $72,226,938, this session $80,331,876; river and harbor $25,136,295, this session $21,153,317; sundry civil $29,178,285, this session $27,877,228; deficiencies $23,295,541, this session $8,211,261.

The former appropriation is exclusive of pension deficiencies, which are included in the present bill. This same amount also includes $3,325,000 for the eleventh census, $1,740,000 for the postal service and $1,147,995 for bounties, back pay, etc. The appropriations included in this year's bill are also exclusive of pension deficiencies.

Miscellaneous, $7,010,905; this session, $3,156,000. The total of the regular appropriations for the session, $383,737,500, and for the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, $361,770,057, making the appropriations of the first session of the last Congress, as compared with this session, $317,456,553.

The permanent and annual appropriations for the session aggregated $121,863,880, and for this corresponding session of the last Congress they were $101,628,453. The grand total of appropriations of this session were $507,501,380, and of the first session of the last Congress, $463,308,510, showing an increase this session of $42,870,870 over the bills of the first session of the last Congress.

SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT.

A Number of Bills Lately Passed Become Laws.

Washington, Aug. 6.—The President has signed the act changing the date for the dedication of the buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition; the act to authorize the entry of lands chiefly valuable for building-stone under the placer mining laws; and the joint resolution extending the provisions of the sundry civil appropriation bill. The President has signed the bill to pension army nurses of the late war, and also the World's Fair bill.

THE WORK OF THE LAND OFFICE.

Commissioner Carter Submits His Annual Report.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 8.—The annual report to the secretary of the Interior, of the operations of the general land office for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, has been made public. "A careful reading of this report," says Commissioner Carter, "will demonstrate that the liberal and just policy toward the settlers upon the public domain, adopted by Secretary Noble at the begining of this administration, has been productive of very satisfactory and beneficent results. I felt justified in predicting in my annual report of last year, that with the force then at command, the business of this bureau would be brought up abreast with current work by the end of the fiscal year just closed. It is gratifying to me now to be able to report to you that a literal fulfillment of that prediction has been fully consummated."

The report then proceeds to show the magnitude of the work done during the year, by drawing comparisons with the record of previous years.

AN OPINION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Why He Vetoed the Court of Claims Jurisdiction Bill.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The President, in vetoing the bill conferring on the court of claims jurisdiction in contested land patent cases, says: "The work of the land office within the last three years has been so efficient and so friendly to the bona fide settler that the large accumulation of cases there has been swept away, and the office, as I am informed by the secretary of the Interior, is now engaged upon current business.

"It seems to me that a transfer in whole or in part of this business to the courts—some of whose dockets are already loaded with cash—cannot tend to expedition; while it is very manifest that by reason of the greater formality in the taking and presentation of evidence which would be required in court, and of the long distances which settlers would have to traverse in order to attend court, the costs in these cases would be enormously increased.

WILL BE A SHAKING UP.

Reductions Made by the Sundry Civil Bill to go Into Effect.

Washington, Aug. 9.—There will be a very considerable shaking up among highly salaried officials of the bureau of Geological Survey to-morrow, when the reductions imposed by the sundry civil bill will be carried into effect. Nearly forty members of the present force will be asked to resign, two-thirds of them being scientists employed on special works. The list includes three $4,000 geologists; one $3,000 geologist; two $2,000 geologists; one $2,000 geologist; one $2,000 chemist; two $2,500 geographers; one $2,000 topographer, and one $3,000 officer, classed as "general assistant."

These are dropped altogether.

The salary of the paleontologist is cut down from $4,000 to $2,000, and 26 other employes will have to submit to a reduction of pay.

THE SOUVENIR HALF DOLLARS.

The Treasury Department Will at Once Begin Coining Them.

Washington, Aug. 8.—The Treasury department will take prompt measures for the execution of the provisions of the act appropriating $2,500,000 for the World's Fair Columbian Exposition, and expects to have the souvenir half dollar coins, the bronze medals and the vellum impressions for diplomats prepared in about six weeks. The designs of the souvenir coin have already been selected, and the reverse will show the main building of the Exposition and the obverse the head of Columbus.

The plaster cast of the head of Columbus was made from a portrait of Columbus, which is recognized by experts as being as nearly authentic as any that exists.

CAMPAIGN MARCHING CLUBS.

President Clarkson Desires Bicycle Clubs Organized.

New York, Aug. 9.—The men employed by the Little Giant Wrecking Co., in searching off Port Morris for traces of the British frigate Huzzar, which went down with 1,000,000 pounds of gold aboard her in 1780, think they have excellent reason to be sanguine. The big dredges which are being used about two weeks ago brought up a lot of grape shot and about a bushel of flint stone. The company is composed of residents of Leominster, Mass., and Capt. Simonds, who is in charge of the work, says that the stock cannot now be bought for $250 a share.

DREDGING FOR BURIED GOLD.

Part of the Huzzar's Cargo Brought to the Surface.

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 9.—President Clarkson, of the National Republican League, has sent out a confidential circular requesting the clubs to organize marching campaign clubs August 16, at 7:30 p. m. He wants bicycle clubs, cavalry clubs, and womens' clubs, formed also, by way of novelty. A prize is offered of a standard of American colors to be given to the state league which will send to the national convention at Buffalo, the most and best drilled campaign clubs.

SUICIDE OF JUDGE NORMILE.

Could Not Stand Criticism on His Judicial Conduct.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 9.—Judge J. C. Norman, of the St. Louis Criminal court, who recently brought suit against the Post Dispatch for $400,000, also having its three reporters and directors arrested on charges of criminal libel, committed suicide this forenoon, taking poison.

THE BAND OF HOWLING DERVISHES

Gotham's Theatrical Managers Shocked by Their Entertainment.

New York, Aug 6.—The thirty howling and whirling dervishes who arrived here a few days ago en route for Chicago, where they will indulge in their religious services for the public amusement, gave a thanksgiving performance this afternoon in the Madison Square Garden. The spectacle was a shocking one, and those who came to be amused went away disgusted. The howling dervishes abused themselves with sharp-pointed instruments, swung their bodies violently until they dropped from exhaustion, ate glass and tore to a rag a big snake for several minutes, when they proceeded to eat it.

The whirling dervishes were less horrible. They swung about in a circle until they became so dizzy that they nearly swooned and grovelled at the feet of the high priest. Among those who witnessed the thanksgiving performance were a number of theatrical managers who said they would not risk hiring the fanatics, for fear the police would prohibit their exhibitions.

Oklahoma Land Case Decided.

El Reno, O. T. Aug. 9.—The celebrated land case, involving the Oklahoma City town site, has been decided, and in favor of the contestant, John F. Dawson. The tract was the one settled upon by the unfortunate boomer, Captain W. L. Couch. It was on this that Captain Couch was shot by J. C. Adams, whose trial is still pending. The ground has since been contested by several persons, and in addition has twice been jumped and settled upon by people claiming it as a town site. The tract is valuable, being the best portion of Oklahoma City.

Greatly in Need of Rain.

Kearney, Neb., Aug. 9.—The territory within a radius of 50 miles of this city including Kearney, Gosper, Buffalo and Dawson counties, is greatly in need of rain. Corn in the Platte River valley, fifteen miles on either side of the Union Pacific, is for the present all right, with prospects of a large yield, but to the north and south of this district, on the highlands, it is practically worthless, owing to the extreme hot winds and absence of moisture.

Flouring Mill Combine.

San Francisco, Aug. 9.—Articles of incorporation were filed yesterday at Sacramento for a flour milling combine with a capital of $10,000,000, paid in capital, $8,800,000. The combine is called the Sperry Flour Co., and practically includes all the flour milling interests of California. The mills have at present an output of 60,000 barrels of flour per day. Horace Davis is president.

Monsoon Progressing.

Simla, Aug. 6.—The monsoon is progressing. Good rains have fallen and the prospects in the distressed provinces have greatly improved. The price of grains is stationary.

KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

The Triennial Conclave at Denver —An Enormous Attendance and a Very Enjoyable Time.

Denver, Aug. 9.—The Knights Templar opened their twenty-fifth triennial conclave in this city to-day. It will be the most memorable gathering ever known in the history of the order. Over 150,000 visitors will attend and nearly a quarter of a million dollars will be spent in preparations and entertainment.

The Knights Templar conclaves have been held every three years for over half

E. G. C., HUNTINGTON BROWN, (Ohio.)

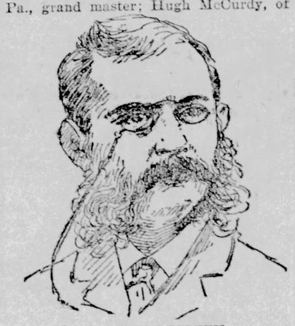
a century, principally for the election of a governing body and an exchange of opinions which might prove beneficial to the order. The first encampment held in this country was in New York, June 20, 1816. The attendance was less than three hundred. Since then conclaves have been held as follows: New York, Sept. 16, 1819; New York, Sept. 18, 1826; New York, Sept. 14, 1829; Baltimore, Nov. 29, 1832; Washington, D. C., Dec. 7, 1835; Boston, Sept. 12, 1838; New York, Sept. 14, 1841; New Haven, Sept. 10, 1844; Columbus, O., Sept. 14, 1847; Boston, Sept. 10, 1850; Lexington, Ky., Sept. 13, 1853; Hartford, Sept. 9,

GRAND RECORDER, W. B. ISAACS, (Virginia.)

1856; Chicago, Sept. 13, 1859; New York, Sept. 2, 1862; Columbus, O., Sept. 5, 1865; St. Louis, Sept. 15, 1868; Baltimore, Sept. 19, 1871; New Orleans, Dec. 1, 1874; Cleveland, Aug. 28, 1877; Chicago, Aug. 17, 1880; San Francisco, Aug. 21, 1883; St. Louis, Sept. 21, 1886; Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, 1889, and Denver, Aug. 9, 1892.

Present Officials.

The officers of the present encampment are John P. S. Gobin, of Lebanon, Pa., grand master; Hugh McCurdy, of



P. G. C., HENRY PERKINS, (Ohio.)

Corunna, Mich., deputy grand master. W. W. Larue Thomas, of Danville, Ky., is the grand generalissimo; Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, Cal., is the grand captain-general; Henry B. Stoddard, of Bryan, Tex., is the grand senior warden; Nicholas R. Ruckle, of Indianapolis, Ind., is the grand junior warden—he was appointed about four weeks ago to fill the place of Nicholas Van Slyck, of Providence, R. I.; H. Wales Lines, of Meriden, Conn., is grand treasurer; Wm. B. Isaacs, of Richmond, Va., grand recorder; George M. Moulton, Chicago, Ill., grand standard-bearer; Myron M. Parker, Washington, D. C., grand sword-bearer, chairman of the last Triennial conclave at Washington; Hugh M. Aiken, Knoxville, Tenn., grand warden, and Francis E. White, Plattsmouth, Neb., grand captain of the guard.

The Latest Statistics.

According to the latest statistics in 1870 there were in the United States 25,844 Knights; in 1880, 50,681; in 1890, 84,923, while last year the census showed 88,094. It will be noticed that in 31 years there was an increase from 25,844 members to 88,094. Of this number at least 80,000 will be present in Denver during the week of August 7.

On Thursday, August 11, the exhibition drill occurs, in which will be engaged all of the crack drill commanderies of the country, including the Detroit No. 1, which has held the palm for a number of years; Monroe, of Rochester, Palestine, of New York; St. Bernard, of Chicago, and many others.

Friday and Saturday have been given up for an exchange of knightly courtesies. The number of evening receptions to be tendered one commandery from another reaches into the hundreds.

Drawing the Line on John.

San Francisco, Aug. 5.—Collector Phelps has been informed by Secretary of State Foster that no Chinese sailors shipped outside of the United States can be employed by the Pacific Mail company or any American ship, as American vessels are always and everywhere American territory.

The crew imported on the steamer City of Peking will have to be returned to China as passengers, by the company that brought them. The combine is called the Sperry Flour Co., and practically includes all the flour milling interests of California. The mills have at present an output of 60,000 barrels of flour per day. Horace Davis is president.

An Average Crop.

DesMoines, Iowa, Aug. 9.—The weather of the last week has been favorable to the corn crop in this vicinity. Corn is mostly tasseled and much of it is in the silk. The outlook now is for nearly an average crop.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE

JOHNSTOWN ON A SMALL SCALE.

Disastrous Result of a Fill Giving Way at St. Paul.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 4.—It now turns out that the torrent of waters rushing down the hill last night resulted much more disastrously than at first reported. Three people were killed and seven badly injured. So far as known the list of killed is as follows: Mrs. August Adams, Mrs. J. Horn, Wm. Krieger.

Those wounded fatally are: Phillip Strohr and 5-year old son, August Adams, Frederick Krieger, Paul Ekeuk, Henry Ludwig and John Willich.

The accident was the result of the late heavy rains. Upon the hillside above Page street was a deep gully, the natural outlet of the water from the country above. A year ago Page street had been filled up across this gully, leaving a small culvert to carry off the ordinary water. This culvert had long ago been choked up, and the recent storm had filled the deep basin to the brim, making a lake two acres in extent and forty-five feet deep. On Monday there appeared a crack three inches wide on the lower side of the fill, but there was no thought of immediate danger. Suddenly last night the fill let go, and with a mighty rush the vast body of water swept down upon the low land below.

ICEBERGS IN THE SOUTH SEA.

Many of Them Mountain High, and of Great Dimensions Otherwise.

New York, Aug. 3.—The American bark Alice, which arrived yesterday in the lower bay from Auckland, New Zealand, has had a wonderful trip, and escaped from being crushed by icebergs only by what seems a miracle. The Alice left Auckland on May 8, bound for New York, with a cargo of gum and wax. The skipper of the Alice is Capt. Joseph Swain, and she carried a crew of five men. On July 9 a man on the lookout shouted, "Ice on the starboard bow." Capt. Swain was immediately summoned on deck, and the first object that met his eyes was an immense iceberg towering into the sky about 400 feet high, and extending four times that distance in length.

The ship was put in a direction that would allow her to escape the iceberg, but where she had traveled for several days she was found to be still in the center of a large pack. There were easily 400 around her and it was only owing to the good seamanship of her captain that at the end of five days she escaped destruction. Capt. Gossit, of the North German Lloyd steamship Elbe, which arrived yesterday, reports that he sighted an iceberg on July 29. The berg was an immense one, fully 400 feet in height, and presented a magnificent spectacle. The sighting of the berg proves that the ice is retreating northward at a very early season of the year.

A GIGANTIC LAND SWINDLE.

The "Elmore Colony" Projectors Are Now in Jail.

San Francisco, Aug. 3.—Three indictments found by the grand jury yesterday, reveal a swindle of gigantic proportions, in which some 400 people, principally from the East, have been badly bitten. Victims reside in nearly all the large cities of the East, including Chicago and New York. Two of the swindlers, O. E. Moore and T. H. Downing, are within reach, but the third, A. Hoyt, is in Mexico.

In 1887 Moore bought from the millionaire farmer John Boggs, 1,000 acres of land in Tehama county, adjoining Senator Stanford's Vina ranch. Not a cent was paid for it, the basis of the transaction being long credit. Within a few days Moore had plastered the place with a $70,000 mortgage, the Savings Union of this city being victimized. Then he sold two-thirds of the place to Hoyt and Downing, and organized the California Land company, and called the tract the "Elmore Colony."

Circulars were issued and a gorgeous magazine was published, offering five-acre tracts for one dollar down and $1 on each acre, the total price being $15 an acre. Four hundred victims were secured. Some paid up in full and got worthless deeds. A few months ago Downing transferred his interest back to Moore. The Savings Union demands $63,000 from the rascals, and Boggs will get back the land.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD'S MOTHER.

Her Death Occurred at Evanston Sunday Morning.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—Mrs. Mary T. Hill Willard died at 12:30 o'clock Sunday morning at her home in Chicago avenue in Evanston. Her death was not unexpected. At the bedside were her daughter, Frances E. Willard, her nieces, Katherine Willard and Irene Fockler, Anna Gordon and Alice Briggs.

Mrs. Willard had been failing for some time and viewed her approaching end with cheerful resignation. She was known throughout the country for her efforts in behalf of the cause of temperance. Mrs. Willard's ancestors were from New England and were Congregationalists.

Miss Frances is the only remaining daughter. The funeral services will be held in the First Methodist church at Evanston, Tuesday. The interment will be in the family lot in Rosehill cemetery.

Crops in Iowa.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 9.—This week's crop bulletin of the Iowa weather service says: "This has been the hottest and dryest week of the season, the daily average temperature being about three degrees above normal, and the rainfall very light, with more than the usual amount of sunshine. In portions of the Missouri valley droughty conditions are reported, and showers are needed to save the growing crops from threatened damage. Corn has made great progress, and is generally doing well, no appreciable damage being apparent as yet from the excessive heat. The harvest of small grain is completed in the southern districts, and well advanced in all parts of the state. All reports with rare exceptions indicate a very light yield of oats, confirming the previous estimate of 60 per cent. The largest crop of hay ever raised in Iowa is now secured and generally in good condition.

British Exports Decreased.

London, Aug. 9.—The returns issued by the board of trade show that during the month of July the imports increased, as compared with corresponding month last year £67,000, and that the exports decreased £248,000, as compared with those of July, 1891.

American Schooner Seized.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 9.—The American schooner Belle Bartlett was seized at Port Hawksbury, N. S., resterday, charged with violation of customs laws in 1880 at Shippegan while under command of another master.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The money market in New York continued, last week, to reflect the conditions of previous weeks. Currency began to move to the West to handle the crops, but not in large volume; while the movement of funds from the interior fully offset it. Loanable funds, both on call and time, were in excessive supply. Call money ranged from 1 to 2 per cent, averaging 1 1-2. Time loans were in light demand, at 2 per cent for 30 days, 2 1-2 per cent for 60 days to 3 months, 3 per cent for 4 months, 3 1-2 per cent for 5 months, and 4 per cent for 6 and 7 months. There was no feature of importance in the monetary market abroad, the conditions prevailing there being similar to those on this side of the Atlantic.

The gold shipments for the week amounted to $1,000,000. The present outflow of the yellow metal is not because of an influx of American securities held in Europe. The sales of these are very insignificant. Following the collapse of the Barings in August, 1890, and all through 1891, Europe sent us our securities in large volume, and we took them at considerably lower prices than those now ruling. In payment for the securities Europe returned to us, we have sent an enormous volume of grain, cotton and provisions, and in addition have made net exports of $68,130,000 of gold in the year to June 30, 1891; $496,985 in the year to June 30, 1892, and since then over $10,000,000 additional.

The late gold advancement, up to the present, however, cannot be attributed to foreign sales of securities; it has been the direct result of a scarcity of commercial bills in the sterling exchange market. As remitters could not get bills they were compelled to ship gold. This condition still continues in but a slightly modified form, and unless there is a material increase in the supply of bills, further gold shipments to a moderate amount should cause no surprise. This absence of bills has been caused mainly by the discussion of the anti-option bill in the Senate. While this bill was pending foreign purchases of grain for future delivery were held in abeyance, and even now purchases for late delivery are on only a small scale, but there are indications of an early active demand. The better foreign crops have made Europe dependent on us to a less extent than last year for food supplies, but the fact still remains that America is the only country which has any large surplus of grain available for export. An active European demand for this will result in a large gold import movement to the United States, and this is fully realized by foreign bankers and other financial authorities.

The past week showed a firmer tone in the stock market, and a rise in a number of leading stocks, chiefly industrials. Within the past few years there have been only three important movements in the general prices of stocks. In May, 1890, the market reached an advance of 20 points as the resultant of two years of business. Then there was a decline of 20 points in the remainder of 1890. There followed, up to March, 1892, a recovery of 17 points; and since then there has been a decline of about 4 points, and the average prices of about 20 representative stocks is about 8 1-2 points higher than it was a year ago. These 20 include no industrial stocks, so there is a wide margin for improvement in prices in railway shares. With all the conditions more favorable than they were two years ago, their prices are below level of the first quarter of 1890. This is the more remarkable as there has been in those two years a decided improvement in the financial condition of our railways.

The silver market was nearly stationary during the entire week. The demand for Indian shipment was noticeably weak, as the discussion of currency questions in India, and the approach of the international silver conference have the tendency to limit the demand. The quotation in New York varied between 85 1-4 and 85 1-2 cents per ounce for the week.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

The Business Outlook Decidedly Improved Over Last Week.

New York, Aug. 6.—R. G. Dun's weekly review of trade says: In every respect save one the business outlook distinctly improves. The heavy sales of American stocks by foreign holders continue, and draw large amounts of gold from the country, indicating foreign distrust of American finances.

It is within the mark to say that the volume of trade in July, as indicated by clearing house exchanges, is fully 15 per cent larger than last year and greater than in any previous year, in spite of a decline of 5 per cent in prices since a year ago.

Imports are numerous, exceeding last year's over 19 per cent, the past month, which is proof of great activity in domestic manufactures and consumption.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 189, as compared with a total of 193 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 231.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Office of The Toledo Blade.
Toledo, O., Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1892.
TRADE

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

U. S. 4s, coupons	116	116
U. S. 4s, registered	116	116
U. S. 2s	100 bid	100 bid

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Call money easy at 1¼@2 per cent. Dull silver. Sharp stock market underwent no change after delivery, but some animation was still seen on grangers. The market closed very dull but firm at best prices.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
A. C. O.	45½	46¼	45¼	46¼
At.	38½	39¼	38½	39¼
A. S. R.	105¾	107¾	106¾	107¾
C.	59	59	59	59
C. G. T.	8¼	8⅝	8¼	8⅝
C. B. & Q.	101¾	102	100¾	101¾
C. C. C.	60¼	....	....	61¼
D. L. W.	153¾	157¾	153¾	157¾
Erie	28¾	29¼	28¾	29¼
H. V.	35¼	35¾	35¼	35¾
J. C.	....	....	....	....
L. E.	135	135	134½	134¾
L. N.	70¼	70¾	70¾	70¾
Lead	39½	40	39½	40
Lead pfd	95	....	....	95
M. P.	58¾	59¼	58¾	59
N.	....	....	....	....
N. E.	36¾	36¾	36½	36¾
N. Y. C.	113¾	....	....	113¾
N. P.	21¼	....	....	21¼
N. P. pfd	57¼	57¾	57¼	57¾
N. W.	117¾	117¾	117¼	117¾
N. C. O.	125	130	125	130
O. M.	53¾	54¼	53¾	54
P. M.	35¾	36¼	35¾	34¼
R. T.	9	....	....	9
R. G.	60¼	60¾	60	60¾
R. I.	79¼	80¾	79¼	80¾
Silver	84½	....	....	84½
St. P.	82¾	82¾	82¾	82¾
Tex. P.	....	....	....	....
T. C. I.	....	....	....	....
U. P.	38	38¾	38	38¾
W. P.	25	25¼	24¾	24¾
W. U.	90¼	91¼	90¾	91
W. C.	....	....	....	....

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the past week was of seasonable proportions. The collections are reported fair.

Conditions of the Grain Markets Up to the Close To-Day.

This forenoon Liverpool wheat was firmer and unchanged. Corn firm, 3-4d up. London wheat firm, less offering. In the American markets wheat opened weak and declined, caused by general liquidation, the longs trying to get rid of their stuff the bears again putting out their lines which they carried yesterday. New York was a heavy seller early. Corn was weak on cloudy weather throughout the Northwest, and showers in several places.

At Chicago August wheat opened at 79 1-8c, and fell to 78 1-4c. 1 3-8c decline on yesterday's price. At Toledo it opened at 81 1-8c, and dropped to 80c. 1-2c down, and at St. Louis it started at 74 1-8c, fell to 74c, then noted 74 1-8c, 1 1-8c depressed.

August corn at Chicago opened at 55 1-4c, fell to 54c, then marked 54 3-4c, 1 5-8c off.

Increase on passage: Wheat, 2,384,000 bushels, and over one million increase on corn.

This afternoon the wheat market closed with a trifle better tone, although much below the highest point. Corn took about the same course as wheat.

At Chicago August wheat closed 1½c under best prices of the day, at 79¾c; at Toledo it was ⅞c under top price, at 80¼c; and at St. Louis it was at the top 74½c. At New York, as compared with yesterday, August wheat is off 1¼c, at 83½c.

August corn at Chicago closed ½c under best prices of the day, at 53¾c.

Receipts at Chicago to-day: Wheat, cars, 324; grade, 183. Corn, 501; grade, 236. Oats, 272; grade, 70. Estimate for to-morrow: